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Accessions

149, 448

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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The Humorists,

A

COMEDY.

ACTED
By his ROYAL HIGHNESSES
SERVANTS.

Written by
THO. SHADWELL
Of the Middle Temple.

——— *Quis iniquæ*
Tam patiens urbis tam ferreus ut teneat se.

M: Bankes
L O N D O N,

5479

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the Blew Anchor in the
Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1671.

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COMEDY

ACTED 1444.448

ROYAL HIGHNESS May, 1873

SEVENTH



THE SHADWELL

OF THE SHADWELL

Printed for Henry Matthews, at the Office of the London and Westminster Press, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

To the most Illustrious Princess

MARGARET

DUTCHESS

O F

NEWCASTLE.

May it please your Grace,



He favourable Reception my Impertinents found from your Excellent Lord, and my Noble Patron, and the great mercy your Grace has for all offenders of this kind, have made me presume humbly to lay this Comedy at your feet: for none can better than your

Grace, protect this mangled, persecuted Play from the fury of its Enemies and Detractors, who by your admirable Endowments of Nature and Art, have made all Mankind your Friends and Admirers. You have not been content onely to surmount all your own Sex in the excellent Qualities of a Lady and a Wife, but you must overcome all ours in wit and understanding. All our Sex have reason to envy you, and your own to be proud of you, which by you have obtained an absolute Victory over us. It were a vain thing in me to endeavour to commend those excellent Pieces that have fallen from your Graces Pen, since all the World does.

And

The Epistle Dedicatory.

And this is not intended for a Panegyrick, but a Dedication, which I humbly desire your Grace to pardon.

The Play was intended a Satyr against Vice and Folly, and to whom is it more properly to be presented than to your Grace? who are, above all your Sex, so eminent in Wit and Vertue. I have been more obliged by my Lord Duke than by any man, and to whom can I shew my gratitude better than to your Grace, that are so excellent a part of him? But Madam, this trifle of mine is a very unsuitable return to be made for his favours and the Noble Present of all your excellent Books. But I hope your Grace will forgive me, when you consider, that the Interest of all Poets is to fly for protection to Welbecke; which will never fail to be their Sanctuary, so long as there you are pleased so nobly to patronize Poesie, and so happily practise it. That will still be the onely place where they will find encouragement that do well, and pardon that do ill; and of the latter of these no man has more need than

Madam,

Your Graces

Most humble and obedient

Servant

THO. SHADWELL.



Preface.

THis Play (besides the Errors in the writing of it) came upon the Stage with all the disadvantages imaginable: First, I was forced, after I had finish'd it, to blot out the main design of it; finding, that, contrary to my intention, it had given offence. The second disadvantage was, that notwithstanding I had (to the great prejudice of the Play) given satisfaction to all the exceptions made against it, it met with the clamorous opposition of a numerous party, bandied against it, and resolved, as much as they could to damn it right or wrong, before they had heard or seen a word on't. The last, and not the least, was, that the *Actors* (though since they have done me some right) at first were extreemly imperfect in the Action of it. The least of these had been enough to have spoil'd a very good Comedy, much more such a one as mine. The last (*viz.*) imperfect Action, had like to have destroy'd *She would if she could*, which I think (and I have the Authority of some of the best Judges in *England* for't) is the best Comedy that has been written since the Restauration of the Stage: And even that, for the imperfect representation of it at first, received such prejudice, that, had it not been for the favour of the *Court*, in all probability it had never got up again; and it suffers for it, in a great measure, to this very day. This of mine, after all these blows, had fallen beyond redemption, had it not been revived, after the second day, by her kindness (which I can never enough acknowledge) who, for four days together, beautified it with the most excellent *Dancings* that ever has been seen upon the Stage. This drew my enemies, as well as friends, till it was something better acted, understood, and liked, than at first: By this means the poor Play's life was prolonged, and, I hope, will live in spite of Malice; if not upon the Stage, at least in Print.

Yet

Preface.

Yet do not think I will defend all the faults of it: B. fore it was alter'd, I could better have answer'd for it: yet, as it is, I hope it will not wholly displease you in the reading. I should not say so much for it, if I did not find so much undeserved malice against it.

My design was in it, to reprehend some of the Vices and Follies of the Age, which I take to be the most proper, and most useful way of writing Comedy. If I do not perform this well enough, let not my endeavors be blam'd.

Here I must take leave to dissent from those, who seem to insinuate that the ultimate end of a Poet is to delight, without correction or instruction: Methinks a Poet should never acknowledge this, for it makes him of as little use to Mankind as a Fidler, or Dancing Master, who delights the fancy onely, without improving the Judgement.

Horace, the best Judge of Poetry, found other business for a Poet

*Pectus praeceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis & Invidia, corrector, & Ira,
Recte facta refert, orientia tempora notis
Instruit Exemplis:*

I confess a Poet ought to do all that he can, decently to please, that so he may instruct. To adorn his Images of *Vertue* so delightfully to affect people with a secret veneration of it in others, and an emulation to practice it in themselves: And to render their Figures of *Vice* and *Folly* so ugly and detestable, to make people hate and despise them, not onely in others, but (if it be possible) in their dear selves. And in this latter I think Comedy more useful than Tragedy; because the Vices and Follies in *Courts* (as they are too tender to be touch'd) so they concern but a few; whereas the Cheats, Villanies; and troublesome Follies, in the common conversation of the World, are of concernment to all the Body of Mankind.

And a Poet can no more justly be censured for ill nature, in detesting such *Knaveries*, and troublesome impertinencies, as are an imposition on all good men, and a disturbance of Societies in general,

neral, than the most vigilant of our Judges can be thought so, for detesting Robbers and High-way-men; who are hanged, not for the sake of the money they take (for of what value can that be to the life of a man) but for interrupting common communication, and disturbing Society in general. For the sake of good men ill should be punished; and 'tis ill nature to the first, not to punish the last. A man cannot truly love a good man, that does not hate a bad one; nor a Wiseman, that does not hate a Fool; this love and hatred are correlatives, and the one necessarily implies the other. I must confess it were ill nature, and below a man, to fall upon the natural imperfections of men, as of Lunaticks, Ideots, or men born monstrous. But these can never be made the proper subject of a Satyr, but the affected vanities, and artificial fopperies of men, which (sometimes even contrary to their natures) they take pains to acquire, are the proper subject of a Satyr.

And for the reformation of Fopps and Knaves, I think Comedy most useful, because to render Vices and Fopperies very ridiculous, is much a greater punishment than Tragedy can inflict upon 'em. There we do but subject 'em to hatred, or at worst to death; here we make them live to be despised and laugh'd at, which certainly makes more impression upon men, than even death can do.

Again, I confess a Poet ought to endeavour to please, and by this way of writing may please, as well as by any way whatsoever, (if he writes it well) when he does

Simul & Fucunda & idonea dicere vita.

Men of Wit and Honour, and the best Judges (and such as cannot be touch'd by Satyr) are extreamly delighted with it; and for the rest

Odi profanum vulgus & Arceo.

The rabble of little people, are more pleas'd with *Fack Puddings* being soundly kick'd, or having a Custard handsomely thrown in his face, than with all the wit in Plays: and the higher

Preface.

sort of Rabble (as there may be a rabble of very fine people in this illiterate age) are more pleased with the extravagant and unnatural actions, the trifles, and fripperies of a Play, or the trappings and ornaments of Nonsense, than with all the wit in the world:

This is one reason why we put our Fopps into extravagant, and unnatural habits; it being a cheap way of conforming to the understanding of those brisk, gay Sparks, that judge of Wit or Folly by the Habit; that being indeed the onely measure they can take in judging of Mankind, who are Criticks in nothing but a Dress.

Extraordinary pleasure was taken of old, in the Habits of the Actors, without reference to sense, which *Horace* observes, and reprehends in his Epistle to *Augustus*

*Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut Mare Tuscum,
Tantum strepitum ludi spectantur, & Artes,
Divitiæque peregrina, quibus oblitus actor,
Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera Lava,
Dixit adhuc aliquid! nil sane, quid placet ergo?*

But for a Poet to think (without wit or good humor, under such a Habit) to please men of sense, is a presumption inexcusable. If I be guilty of this, it is an error of my understanding, not of my will. But I challenge the most clamorous and violent of my Enemies (who would have the Town believe that every thing I write, is too nearly reflecting upon persons) to accuse me, with truth, of representing the real actions, or using the peculiar, affected phrases, or manner of speech of any one particular Man, or Woman living.

I cannot indeed create a new Language, but the Phantastick Phrases, used in any Play of mine, are not appropriate to any one *Fop*, but applicable to many.

Good men, and men of sense, can never be represented but to their advantage, nor can the Characters of Fools, Knaves, Whores, or Cowards (who are the people I deal most with in Comedies) concern any that are not eminently so: Nor will any apply to themselves what I write in this kind, that have but the wit, or honesty, to think tolerably well of themselves.

But.

But it has been objected, that good men, and men of sense enough, may have blind-sides, that are liable to reprehension, and that such men should be represented upon a Stage, is intolerable.

'Tis true, excellent men may have errors, but they are not known by them, but by their excellencies: their prudence overcomes all gross follies, or conceals the less vanities, that are unavoidable Concomitants of humane nature; or if some little errors do escape 'em, and are known, they are the least part of those men, and they are not distinguished in the world by them, but by their perfections; so that (if such blind-sides, or errors be represented) they do not reflect upon them, but upon such on whom these are predominant; and that receive such a Bias from 'em, that it turns 'em wholly from the wayes of Wisdom or Morality.

And, even this representation, does not reflect upon any particular man, but upon very many of the same kind: For if a man should bring such a humor upon the Stage (if there be such a humor in the world) as onely belongs to one, or two persons, it would not be understood by the Audience, but would be thought (for the singularity of it) wholly unnatural, and would be no jest to them neither.

But I have had the fortune to have had a general humor (in a Play of mine) applied to three, or four men (whose persons I never saw, or humors ever heard of) till the Play was acted.

As long as men wrest the Writings of Poets to their own corrupted sense, and with their Clamors prevail too, you must never look for a good Comedy of Humor, for a humor (being the representation of some extravagance of Mankind) cannot but in some thing resemble some man, or other, or it is monstrous, and unnatural.

After this restraint upon Poets, there is little scope left, unless we retrieve the exploded Barbarisms of Fool, Deaf, Giant, or Monster, or translate French Farces, which, with all the wit of the English, added to them, can scarce be made tollerable.

Mr. *Johnson*, I believe, was very unjustly taxed for personating particular men, but it will ever be the fate of them, that will

the humors of the *Town*, especially in a foolish, and vicious Age. Pardon me (*Reader*) that I name him in the same page with myself; who pretend to nothing more, than to joyn with all men of sense and learning in admiration of him; which, I think, I do not out of a true understanding of him; and for this I cannot but value myself. Yet, by extolling his way of writing, I would not insinuate to you that I can practise it; though I would if I could, a thousand times sooner than any mans.

And here I must make a little digression, and take liberty to dissent from my particular friend, for whom I have a very great respect, and whose Writings I extremely admire; and though I will not say his is the best way of writing, yet, I am sure, his manner of writing it is much the best that ever was. And I may say of him, as was said of a Celebrated Poet, *Cui unquam Poetarum magis proprium fuit subito astro incallescere? Quis, ubi incaluit, fortius, & felicius debacchatur.* His Verse is smother and deeper, his thoughts more quick and surprizing, his raptures more mettled and higher; and he has more of that in his writing, which *Plato* calls *σωφρονα μαζιν*, than any other Heroick Poet. And those who shall go about to imitate him, will be found to flutter, and make a noise, but never rise. Yet (after all this) I cannot think it impudence in him, or any man to endeavour to imitate Mr. *Johnson*, whom he confesses to have fewer failings than all the English Poets, which implies he was the most perfect, and best Poet; and why should not we endeavour to imitate him? because we cannot arrive to his excellence? 'Tis true we cannot, but this is no more an argument, than for a Soldier (who considers with himself he cannot be so great a one as *Julius Caesar*) to run from his Colours, and be none; or to speak of a less thing, why should any man study *Mathematicks* after *Archimedes*, &c. This Principle would be an obstruction to the progress of all learning and knowledge in the world. Men of all Professions ought certainly to follow the best in theirs, and let not their endeavours be blamed, if they go as far as they can in the right way, though they be unsuccessful, and attain not their ends. If Mr. *Johnson* be the most faultless Poet, I am so far from thinking it impudence to endeavour to imitate him, that it would

would rather (in my opinion) seem impudence in me not to do it.

I cannot be of their opinion who think he wanted wit, I am sure, if he did, he was so far from being the most faultless, that he was the most faulty Poet of his time, but, it may be answered, that his Writings were correct, though he wanted fire; but I think flat and dull things are as incorrect, and shew as little Judgment in the Author, nay less than sprightly and mettled Nonsense does. But I think he had more true wit than any of his Contemporaries; that other men had sometimes things that seemed more fiery than his, was because they were placed with so many sordid and mean things about them, that they made a greater show.

*Inter quæ verbum emicuit, si fortè, decorum,
Si versus paulo concinnor, unus, & alter,
Injuste totum ducit, venditque Poema.*

Nor can I think, to the writing of his humors (which were not onely the follies, but vices and subtleties of men) that wit was not required, but judgment; where, by the way, they speak as if judgment were a less thing than wit. But certainly it was meant otherwise by nature, who subjected wit to the government of judgment, which is the noblest faculty of the mind. Fancy rough-draws, but judgement smooths and finishes; nay judgment does in deed comprehend wit, for no man can have that who has not wit. In fancy mad men equal, if not excel all others, and one may as well say that one of those mad men is as good a man as a temperate wiseman, as that one of the very fanciful Plays (admired most by Women) can be so good a Play as one of *Johnson's* correct, and well-govern'd Comedies.

The reason given by some, why *Johnson* needed not wit in writing humor, is, because humor is the effect of observation, and observation the effect of judgment; but observation is as much necessary in all other Plays, as in Comedies of humor. For first; even in the highest Tragedies, where the Scene lies in Courts, the Poet must have observed the Customs of Courts, and the manner

Preface.

manner of conversing there, or he will commit many indecencies, and make his Persons too rough and ill-bred for a Court.

Besides Characters in Plays being representations of the Vertues or Vices, Passions or Affections of Mankind, since there are no more new Vertues, or Vices; Passions, or Affections, the Idea's of these can no other way be received into the imagination of a Poet, but either from the Conversation or Writings of Men. After a Poet has formed a Character (as suppose of an Ambitious Man) his design is certainly to write it naturally, and he has no other rule to guid him in this, but to compare him with other men of that kind, that either he has heard of, or conversed with in the world, or read of in Books (and even this reading of Books is conversing with men) nay more, (besides judging of his Character) the Poet can fancy nothing of it, but what must spring from the Observation he has made of Men, or Books.

If this argument (that the enemies of humor use) be meant in this sense, that a Poet, in the writing of a Fools Character, needs but have a man sit to him, and have his words and actions taken, in this case there is no need of wit. But 'tis most certain, that if we should do so, no one fool (though the best about the Town) could appear pleasantly upon the Stage, he would be there too dull a Fool, and must be helped out with a great deal of wit in the Author. I scruple not to call it so, first, because 'tis not your down-right Fool that is a fit Character for a Play, but like Sir *John Dawe* and Sir *Amorous La Foole*, your witty, brisk, airy *Fopps*, that are *Entreprenants*. Besides, wit in the Writer, (I think, without any Authority for it) may be said to be the invention of remote and pleasant thoughts of what kind soever; and there is as much occasion for such imaginations in the writing of a Curious Coxcomb's part, as in writing the greatest Hero's; and that which may be folly in the Speaker, may be so remote and pleasant, to require a great deal of wit in the Writer. The most Excellent *Johnson* put wit into the mouths of the meanest of his people, and which, is infinitely difficult, made it proper for 'em.

And

And I once heard a Person, of the greatest Wit and Judgement of the Age, say, that *Bartholomew Fair* (which consists most of low persons) is one of the Wittiest Plays in the World. If there be no wit required in the rendering Folly ridiculous, or Vice odious, we must accuse *Juvenal* the best Satyrist, and wittiest Man of all the Latine Writers, for want of it.

I should not say so much of Mr. *Johnson* (whose Merit sufficiently justifies him to all Men of Sense) but that I think my self a little obliged to vindicate the Opinion I publicly declared, in my *Epilogue* to this *Play*; which I did upon mature consideration, and with a full satisfaction in my Judgement, and not out of a bare affected vanity of being thought his Admirer.

I have onely one word more, to trouble you with, concerning this Trifle of my own, which is, that, as it is at present, it is wholly my own, without borrowing a tittle from any man; which I confess is too bold an attempt for so young a Writer; for (let it seem what it will) a Comedy of humor (that is not borrowed) is the hardest thing to write well; and a way of writing, of which a man can never be certain.

*Creditur, ex medio quia res accessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet comædia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto venia minus.*

That which (besides judging truly of Mankind) makes Comedy more difficult, is that the faults are naked and bare to most people, but the wit of it understood, or valued, but by few. Wonder not then if a man of ten times my parts, miscarries in the Attempt.

I shall say no more of this of mine, but that the Humors are new (how well chosen I leave to you to judge) and all the words and actions of the Persons in the Play, are alwayes sutable to the Characters I have given of them; and, in all the Play, I have

gone

Preface.

gone according to that definition of humor, which I have given you in my *Epilogue*, in these words :

*A Humor is the Biasse of the Mind,
By which, with violence, 'tis one way inclin'd.
It makes our actions lean on one side still,
And, in all Changes, that way bends the Will.*

Vale.

PRO-

Dramatis Personæ.

Crazy.

One that is in Pox, in Debt, and all the Misfortunes that can be, and in the midst of all, in love with most Women, and thinks most Women in love with him.

Drybob.

A Fantastick Coxcomb, that makes it his business to speak fine things and wit as he thinks; and alwayes takes notice, or makes others take notice of any thing he thinks well said.

Brisk.

A Brisk ayery fantastick, singing, dancing Coxcomb, that sets up for a well-bred Man and a Man of honour, but mistakes in every thing, and values himself onely upon the vanity and foppery of Gentlemen.

Raymund

A Gentleman of wit and honour, in love with *Theodosia*.

Sir Richard

Loveyouth.

Sneake.

} Husband to the Lady *Loveyouth*, supposed dead.

A young Parson, Fellow of a Colledge, Chaplain to the Lady *Loveyouth*, one that speaks nothing but Fustian with Greek and Latine, in love with *Bridget*.

Pullia.

A French Surgeon, originally a Barber.

Lady

Loveyouth.

Theodosia.

} A vain amorous Lady, mad for a Husband, jealous of *Theodosia*, in love with *Raymund*.

A witty ayery young Lady, of a great fortune, committed to the government of Lady *Loveyouth* her Aunt, persecuted with the love of *Crazy*, *Brisk*, and *Drybob*, whom she mimicks and abuses, in love with *Raymund*.

Bridget.

Woman to the Lady *Loveyouth*.

Mrs. Errant.

One that sells old Gowns, Petticoats, Laces, French Fans and Toys, and Jessumine Gloves, and a running Bawd.

Striker.

A Habberdasher's Wife, a vain fantastick Strumpet, very fond and jealous of *Crazy*.

Friske.

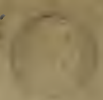
A vain Wench of the Town, debauch'd and kept by *Briske*.

Servants, Attendants, Fiddlers, Bayliffs.

SCENE LONDON, in the Year 1670.

Duration of the Scene 24 hours.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
BY JAMES BOSWELL



1791

AT THE CLERICAL SOCIETY'S
PRINTING OFFICE, NO. 1, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON.

1791

IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST VOLUME.
LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1791.

1791

THE SECOND VOLUME.
LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1791.

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THE THIRD VOLUME.
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THE FOURTH VOLUME.
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THE SIXTH VOLUME.
LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1791.

1791



Prologue

Written by a Gentleman of Quality.

Since you are all resolv'd to be severe,
To laugh and rail at every thing you hear,
I know not why a Prologue should forbear:
First we declare against the wary Wit,
Who having had the luck of one good hit,
Dares not appear again before the Pit.
Some have done well; yet to remove all doubt,
Men must fight more than once to be thought stout:
Others are too much in a scribbling vein,
As if they had a looseness in the brain:
These catch at every little slight occasion,
As our Gay empty Sparks at each new Fashion:
Perpetually they fumble for the Bayes,
With Poems, Songs, Lampoons, and long dull Plays.
A man would wonder what the Devil they meant,
(Like ill-nos'd Currs that onely foil the scent)
To mangle Plots, and they'l as boldly do't;
As our Sir-Martin undertakes the Lute.
Now for the Women ——
The little Fools into extreams are got,
Either they are stone cold or scalding hot.

Some peevish and ill-bred, are kind to none ;
Others stark mad, in love with all the Town.
The famous Eater had his Worm to feed,
These Rampants have a hungry Worm indeed.
And as his ravenous stomach made him get
Tripes, Livers, and the coursest sort of Meat,
Our craving Damosels, rather than stand out,
With any raw-bone Coxcombs run about ;
Making no difference of Size or Age,
From the Grim Hector to the beardless Page.
Learn little ones, for shame learn to be wise,
And not so very rank, nor yet so nice.
Who buryes all his Wealth, and never lends,
Is more a Wretch than he that wildly spends.
And she who is so coy to fancy no man,
Is yet a riler thing than she that's common.
If you will own your selves concern'd you may,
And for a Saucy Prologue damn the Play.

Dramatis



THE HUMORISTS.

A C T the First.

Enter Crazy in a Night-Gown and Cap.

Crazy.

OH this Surgeon! this damn'd Surgeon, will this Villainous Quack never come to me? Oh this Plaister on my Neck! It gnaws more than *Aqua-Fortis*: this abominable Rascal has mistaken sure, and given me the same Caustick he appli'd to my Shins, when they were open'd last.

Enter Mrs. Errant.

Errant. Good morrow sweet Mr. *Crazy*.

Craz. Good morrow Mrs. *Errant*.

Errant. How does the pain in your Head?

Craz. Oh

Craz. Oh I am on the Rack! No Primitive Christian under *Dioclesian* ever suffer'd so much as I do under this Rascal: This Villain, that like a Hangman destroys Mankind, and has the Law for't. Oh abominable Quacks! that devour more than all the Diseases would do, were they let alone, which they pretend to cure.

Errant. Ay, but Sir, yours is a French Surgeon, and who so fit to cure the French Disease as a French-Surgeon?

Crazy. Yes, as one poyson expels another; but if this Rogue should cure me, he can cure me of nothing but what he has given me himself: 'twas nothing, when I put my self into his hands; he has brought it to what it is, and I think I must deal with him as they do that are bitten with a Viper, crush the Rogues Head and apply it to the part, for if I do not kill him, he'll be the death of me.

Errant. It may be Sir, he favours the Disease for Countrey's sake.

Craz. A Curse on these French Cheats, they begin to be as rife amongst us, as their Countrey Disease, and do almost as much mischief too: No Corner, without French Taylors, Weavers, Milliners, Strong-Water-Men, Perfumers, and Surgeons: but must I be such a fantastick Sot as to be cheated by them? Could not I make use of my own Countrey-men, that are famous all over the World for cheating one another?

Errant. I am heartily sorry Sir, for you could not have been ill in so unseasonable a time.

Craz. Oh! why Mrs. *Errant*, what's the matter?

Errant. Do you think he could not mend you, and patch you up to hold together a little for the present?

Craz. Why Mrs. *Errant*? Oh death! what's this I feel?

Errant. I was with Mrs. *Striker* the Habberdashers Wife, this morning, to sell some of my little French Toys, as Fans, Points, that had been worn a little, and Jessamine Gloves; but chiefly a Maid of Honours Old Gown, that fitted her to a hair; and a delicate white Mantou: and a pair of the neatest little Shoes that had been worn two or three days by a Countess, that bewitched the very heart of her.

Craz. Well! and how does my dear *Striker*? Does she not desire to see me poor heart.... Oh what a twinge was that?

Errant.

Errant. She does most impatiently wait the good hour, that she may steal from her Husband and give you a meeting at the White-Hart at *Hammer-smith*.

Craz. Alas! dear soul! I know she loves me entirely. Oh my Shinne! 'tis there now: sweet Mrs. *Errant* sit down, and do me the favour to chafe it a little.

Enter Raymund.

[She sits and rubs his Shins, he makes sowre faces.]

Raym. Ha, ha, ha! this is pleasant, 'faith; this Itinerant Habberdasher of small Wares, is a Ranger of the Game, a very Bawd-Errant . . . chafing of his Shins too! ha, ha, ha . . . but how could I think any of that Profession could be otherwise, procuring lies so in their way, they cannot avoid it.

Craz. She is a most delicate person, I love her infinitely, and I believe she has no unkindness for me.

Raym. Ah brave *Crazy*! dost thou hold up thy humor still? Art thou still in love with all Women?

Craz. 'Faith *Raymund* I cannot but have an affection, nay a veneration for the whole Sex yet.

Raym. I'll swear all Women ought to believe thou lov'st 'em, for thou hast suffer'd more for them than all Knight Errants in Romances ever did. I'll say that for thee, and thou hast as much Passive-Valour as to Pill and Bolus, as any man in Christendom.

Errant. It shews him to be a person of much generosity and honour.

Craz. Perhaps there is not a truer Lover of the Sex than my self among Mankind Oh my Shoulders!

Raym. Thou hast reason, witness that twinge else: well certainly so much Love and Pox never met together in one Man since the Creation. Nor 'faith do I know which is the more tolerable Disease of the two.

Craz. Prethe *Raymund* no more of this Raillery.

Errant. Do not scandalize Mr. *Crazy* so; the Venom of his Disease is all gone, this is but a Rheum, a meer Rheum.

Raym. Why thou Villain *Crazy*, wilt thou never leave wheedling Women thus?

Craz. Prethee leave off; I tell thee 'tis no more.

Raym. Why what impudence is this? If thou goest on in this, thou art not fit to go loose, I will have a Red Cross set upon thy Door: why don't I know thou hast taken Bushels of Pills and Bolus's enough to purge all the Corporations in the Kings Dominions.

Craz. You make good use of your time, to get drunk so soon in a Morning.

Raym. Hast thou not rais'd the price of *Sarsaperilla*, and *Guaiacum* all over the Town . . the Drugsters are very ungrateful Fellows, if they do not give thee a Pension for the good thou hast done to their Trade.

Craz. Mind him not Mrs. *Errant*, he's lewdly drunk.

Errant. I protest Sir he's the least in my thoughts.

Raym. Why thou Sot thou, dost thou talk of Love, and say thou hast no Pox; why I will not give Six Moneths purchase for an Estate during the term of thy Natural Nose! I shall live to see thee snuffle worse than a Scotch-Bag-Pipe that has got a flaw in the Bellows.

Craz. Let him alone, let him alone! this is a way he has with him.

Errant. He's a very uncivil man, let me tell you that.

Raym. Why hast thou not for these seven years observ'd thy seasons like the Swallow or the Cuckoe; with them thou stir'st abroad in the Summer, and with them retir'st in the Winter; why thou art a kind of Vegetable, that peep'st out thy head at the coming of the Spring, and Shrink'st it in again at the approach of the Winter; while we that drink Burgundy, like Bay-trees, are green and flourish all the year.

Craz. Why, hast thou the confidence to compare Wine to Beauty?

Errant. Ay, I thought what a proper man you were.

Craz. Wine, that makes you swell'd like Trumpetters with pimpl'd Faces; and Eyes staring like Pigs half roasted, prominent Bellies, perish'd Lungs, tainted Breaths, parch'd Livers, decay'd Nerves, perpetual Feavers, Dropfies, Gowts, Palseys, and a Complication of more Diseases than you drink Healths.

Raym. With what ease can I return upon thee, Women, that bring you to sore Eyes, weaken'd Hamms, Sciatica's, falling Noses, and Rheums, *Crazy.*

Errant.

Errant. Now out upon you for a base man, to revile Women thus.

Raym. But then Wine, the Bond of humane Society, that makes us free as absolute Princes, rich without covetousness, merr-y, valiant, witty, generous, and wise without allay; that inspires us far above the level of humane thoughts, and affords us diviner Raptures than the deities of old did to their prophets in their Extasies.

Craz. But then Beauty, Heaven's brightest Image, the thing which all the World desires and fights for; the Spur to Honour and all glorious Actions, without which no Dominion would have been priz'd or Hero ever be w^h of; the most gentle, sweet, delicate, soft thing ———

Errant. O dear Mr. Crazy! Go thy [She claps Crazy on the Shoulders.
ways, thou art a sweet man.

Craz. O Death! what have you done? You have murder'd me; oh you have struck me just upon a Callous Node, do you think I have a body of Iron?

Errant. Sir I beg your pardon, I had quite forgot it, this Rheum is very violent.

Craz. Oh, oh.

Raym. The most sweet, delicate, gentle soft thing, go on Crazy.

Craz. The most delicate, sweet, gentle, soft — Oh Devil what do I endure?

Enter Pullin the French Surgeon.

Pullin. Good morr, good morre.

Craz. Oh, oh!

Pull. 'Tis ver vel, come to our Business, ve vil proceed to de o-
peration.

Craz. Oh my Neck and Shoulders.

Pull. Yes, yes, I vas ver vel assure of dat; it vil put you to de paine indeed; but if dere be such tinge in Englande for draw, den I am no Syargin indeed.

Craz. Oh you damn'd eternal Son of a Whore Quack!

Pull.

Pull. Cacque morbleu ! Wat is Cacque ? I know ver vel wat is Son for a Whore, but wat is Cacque vertu-bleu I can no tell.

Raym. 'Tis a certain Rascal, that cheats a man both of his money and health.

Craz. Just such a Rascal as you are.

Pull. Begar, you are mistake, Cacque is no French vard, it is for the Dam'd Syigin-English. Mais wat is de matre vid you ?

Raym. Damn'd English Surgeon ! Why you impudent Villain, did not you when you came first into *England*, ride upon a Milch Afs, and did not you maintain your self by selling her Milk to people in Consumptions, till you set up for an abominable Barber, but for the damn'd roughness of your hand and the filthy noisomeness of your breath, could get no Customers, and then were fain to set up with six penyworth of Diaculum and a Collection of rotten Pippins, and pretended only to the Cure of Broken Heads, and had you any other Customers for a year together than the Cudgel Players of *Moor-Fields*, or now and then a Drawer that was wounded with a Quart Pot.

Pull. I am amaze, wat is de businesse ?

Errant. Sir, I must make bold to take my leave.

Craz. Your Servant sweet Mrs. *Errant*, present my Service to *Theodosia*, and let her know I have a passion for her, you understand me.

Errant. Fear it not Sir —

[*Ex. Errant.*]

Pull. Ver vel, you make de jest of me.

Raym. Was not the next thing you arriv'd at, the inestimable secret of Brimstone and Butter for the Cure of the Itch, and had you any one Receipt more ?

Pull. 'Tis ver vel indeed Mr. *Crazy* ! I am come to be abuse.

Craz. Why, have you the impudence to deny this : Good Mounseur *Pullin*, do not I remember when you first set up for the Cure of this Disease you pretend to, with only two pound of Turpentine and a little China, a few Hermodactyles, a pound or two of *Sarsaperilla*, and *Guaiacum*, two Glyster-bags and one Syringe : Could all thy wealth arrive at more Materials than these ?

Raym. I must confess, since, you have learn'd some little experience, by marrying an unsound English Strumpet, that was pepper'd

per'd by some of your Ambassadors Footmen; she, by the many Courses she has gone thorow, has taught you something.

Pull. Tete bleu, dat I should be dus affronte.

Raym. If you had been good for any thing, there were Diseases enough in your own Countrey, to maintain you, without coming to us, with a Pox to you.

Pull. O Jernie, vat is dis? I have cure ten thousand Gentlemen of de Clappe in *Paris*, and to be abuse! —

Craz. Am not I oblig'd to you then, that you would not cure one in *England*? for *Raymund*, now there is not a Woman here, I confesse to you, he has not wholly cur'd me; but on my conscience I can do a Woman no hurt.

Pull. I am assure dat all de Operators for de Clapp in *England* can no do so much as I do to cure you.

Raym. Why hast thou not been longer in curing him than a *Chancery* Suit is depending?

Craz. Did not I put my self into your hands when it was first a *Ghonorhea virulenta*? Did not you by your damn'd French Tricks, your Styptick-Injections, and your Turpentine Clysters, suffer me to be Chorde, to come to Caruncles, to the Phymasii, Caries, Pubii, Bubones, Herniæ.

Raym. Nay, have you not driven his Enemy out of the open Field, where he might have been easily conquer'd, into his Strong Holds and Garrisons.

Pull. Ver vel, ver vel.

Craz. Is there any one Symptome which I have not had. . oh -- have I not had your *Carbuncula*, *Ashrocordones*, *Mermecii*, *Thymi*, all sorts of Ulcers superficial and profound, Callous, Cancerous, Fistulous.

Raym. Hey-brave *Crazy*! thou hast terms enough to set up two reasonable Mountebanks.

Craz. Have I not had your *Pustula*, *Crustata*, and *Sine Crustis Vernæ*, *Crista*, *Tophi*, *Ossis*, *Caries*, *Chyronja*, *Telephia*, *Phagadenia*, *Disepulotica*.

Raym. What art thou going to raise the Devil with these hard words?

Pull. Vel! and have I no cure all dese? Have I no given you desweate, not in a damn'd English Tub or Hot-house, but I have taught

taught you to sweat in de Cradle, and vid Spirit of Vine in de Paper Lanthorn, *ala Francois*, and taught you de use of de Baine d'*Alexandre*.

Craz. And has all this done any thing but driven him to his Winter Quarters, where he domineers as much as ever; Oh I have him here.

Raym. You have given him so many Bolus's in Leaf Gold, that the loathsomness of 'em, has made his Stomach turn at a Twenty Shillings Piece, and that's the reason he never carries any in his Pocket.

Craz. Do you hear that Rascal? I have been cheated enough by you; but I'll bilk your Cribbage for you.

Pull. But assure de Law will give de remede.

Craz. And that thou mayest be curst sufficiently for this, mayest thou be as long in Law as I have been in Physick.

Raym. Prethee curse him to purpose, may he be choak'd with Bolus's, drown'd in Dyet-drink; or smother'd in a Privy-house, that he may die by that Excrement by which he liv'd.

Pull. Diable, no curse me, give de Madietion to the Dam Whore.

Craz. O Impudence! I protest to you *Raymund* she is as pretty a civil young Lady, and between you and I, a Person of Honour?

Raym. She was a very Pocky Person of Honour.

Craz. And on my Conscience and Soul loved me as passionately as any young Lady in *England*.

Raym. Besides, if she were a Whore, her Calling [*To Pullin.*] is to give it, and yours to cure it, Sirrah.

Craz. Shall I suffer so excellent, so vertuous a Person, to be traduc'd by your fowl Mouth, you Rascal: Get you gon, you Dogge. ——— *Kicks him.*

Pull. O vat is dis? Elp, Elp vel, vel, dere is the Law for do me Justice ——— ——— ———

Ex. Pullin.

Enter Footman.

Footm. Sir, here's a Lady alighted out of a Coach, and coming up hither.

Craz. 'Slife a Lady! give me my Hat and Peruke, quick, quick, prethee

prethee *Raymund* help me quickly, that I may appear well before her.

Raym. If thou can'st appear no better than thou art, she'll not like thee very well.

Craz. So, so! you say I am not in favour with the Ladies.

Enter Mrs. Striker.

Strik. Your humble servant sweet Mr. *Crazy*, I have just broke loose from my husband, and come to kiss your hands. Oh cry you mercy, you have a Stranger with you; I protest if I had known it, I would not have been so bold.

Raym. Though I be a stranger Madam, I am ready to be as well acquainted with you as you please.

Craz. Dear Madam *Striker* stay a little, this is a Friend of mine, you may trust him — You see *Raymund*, alas, I am no body with the Ladies, not I. This is a Person of honour.

Raym. No doubt on't.

Strik. Sir, I beseech you misconstrue not my innocent intentions, I heard Mr. *Crazy* was not well, or I should not have seen him.

Craz. If I were not, I should be oblig'd to my distemper, were it the Gout, and be very loath to part with it, to be depriv'd of the honour of seeing you; but I am very well.

Friske. Your servant, sweet Mr. *Crazy*, I [*Enter Mrs. Friske* heard you were not well.

Raym. Another! they flock about this Fellow as Ravens do about a sick man for the reversion of Carrion.

Strik. How came she here too? I do not like this Mr. *Crazy*.

Frisk. Your servant Madam *Striker*.

Strik. Your servant Madam *Friske*. [*Raym. takes Striker*

Craz. Really, Madam *Friske*, this is such *aside.* a favour as will make me eternally indebted to you — but I am so well, as I intended to come and kiss your hands.

Frisk. But how came she here I wonder?

Raym. Pray Madam, do me the favour to tell me who she is?

Strik. Sir, I'll inform you present'y. Truly Mr. *Crazy*, this is not civil, to be so familiar with such a one as she is in my presences;

I thought for my part that I had been enough for any one person.

Frisk. Mr. *Crazy*, one word with you ; I wonder for my part Madam *Flirts* should have no more breeding than to interrupt us.

Strik. Why I'll tell you Sir, what she is, she is a person of mean descent ; I think her Father was at first a Journey-man Taylor or some such thing : She was debauched by one Mr. *Briske* an Inns of-Court-Gentleman, and I am sure 'twas well for her, she was so ; for before that she went in Paragon and Pattens : for my part I would not be known to be in her company for more than I'll speak of.

Raym. This is pleasant.

Strik. Pray Mr. *Crazy* favour me with one word ; Lord, Madam *Frisk*, cannot you let one speak a word with ones Friend ?

Frisk. Your friend, a as poor soul, sure I may pretend to as much interest in him as you can.

Strik. How's this ? you pretend !

Craz. No *Raymond*, I have no share in the Ladies favours, not I ! Do you see how jealous the poor things are of me, poor Hearts ! Oh my Shoulders ! they are both Persons of Quality ---- But Madam *Striker*, pray mistrust not my affection.

Raym. Pray Madam, let me beg the favour to know who she is ?

Frisk. She ! why she's a pitiful Habberdasher's Wife, her Husband's a poor sneaking Cuckold ; she has a very ill reputation, for my part I don't care for being seen in her Company, that's the truth on't.

Raym. That's very well,

Frisk. She used to appear in a scurvy *Fleetstreet* Dress, but now she comes into the Pit at the Play-House, and makes briske Reparties to young Sparks.

Strik. What to have such a scandalous Woman as she come to your Chamber, truly if it were not here, I should have soon left her company. One may have one Friend I confess, or so ; but to have two or three club for one, I scorn her.

Raym. I see there are Punctilio's of Honour among Whores as well as Bullies.

Frisk. But pray Mr. *Crazy*, come hither ; you do not tell me how you like my new Petticoat here ?

Strik.

Strik. Lord, Madam *Friske*, why how should he like it, 'tis but an ordinary slight thing; for my part I do not like it at all.

Frisk. No matter what you say, as long as one does.

Raym. Who's that one, *Crazy*? [Fogs him.]

Craz. 'Slife you hurt my Arm; but that one is I man, that thou should'st not find it.

Strik. But pray Mr. *Crazy* how do you like this Point about my Neck?

Craz. 'Tis a very pretty Ornament, but you give an Ornament to that.

Frisk. That! 'tis a foolish Counterfeit Point.

Strik. I come, come; I come by my things honestly.

Frisk. Ay, and I as honestly as you too; but pray how do you like this Ruby upon my Finger?

Craz. 'Tis very glorious indeed.

Strik. Is not this a very pretty Locket?

Frisk. Let me see what's a Clock; 'tis just Eleven ---

Strik. 'Tis a quarter past by mine.

Frisk. Yours! Ay I think so; your's is a scurvy Silver Watch, and does not go right.

Strik. Good lack a day, a Silver Watch! why it should go with any Gold Watch in Town for 20*l*.

Frisk. Yes, yes; 'tis very like a Silver Watch can go as well as a Gold one? ha, ha, ha---

Raym. Hey! they use him as if they were bidding for him by Candles ends.

Strik. Alas poor silly Creature!

Raym. But, Madam *Friske*, from whence come all these fine things?

Frisk. Ha, ha, there is a way that we have Sir.

Strik. But Mr. *Crazy*, I must of necessity leave you; my husband will be come home: but I'll see you agen.

Craz. I am sorry you must make me unhappy so soon, but have you a Coach?

Strik. Yes, I have a Hackney waiting below.

Frisk. O fie! a Hackney! I hate 'em all they are so uneasy: I have a Coach with a Coronet waits for me.

Strik. Ay, ay, there's some could borrow Lords Coaches too, if they would do as others do, Madam *Friske*, let me tell you that.

Frisk. I don't know, Madam *Striker*, but I believe they would if they could.

Strik. Well, well, I like a Hackney; but 'tis no matter, Mr. *Crazy*, your servant ——— [Ex.]

Frisk. I must be gone Sir too.

Craz. Will you eclipse me so soon?

Frisk. Indeed I beg your pardon for eclipsing of you, but I cannot help it at present; your servant ——— [Ex.]

Craz. Have you such Ladies as these come to visit you?

Raym. No Sir, I keep no such ill Company.

Craz. Company! why they are Persons of Honour.

Raym. Yes, yes, I know Habberdashers Wives and Taylors Daughters are Persons of Honour; fare you well, fare you well, and keep your Persons of Honour to your self.

Craz. But do yee hear Sir?

Raym. No Sir, no; no wheedles upon me, I am to dine at *Chastolins* with some Persons of Honour ——— Adieu. [Ex.]

Craz. 'Sdeath! how unlucky is this, he should discover it, Boy. [Enter Boy.]

Boy. Sir.

Craz. Come in and dress me: Oh my head and shoulders ——— [Exit.]

The Second A C T.

Enter Raymund and Footman.

Raym. **I** wonder my Lady *Loveyouths* Woman appears not yet; this was the time appointed! if 'twere an assignation for her self, she would be more punctual: Waiting Women have always the Grace to keep touch for that. Sirra, Go tell Mrs. Bridget I am here. *Footm.*

Footm. I will Sir ——— [Ex.

Raym. I am very uneasie, till I hear an Account from her of my Letter to *Theodosia*, Excellent *Theodosia*! I have sought many opportunities to make my passion known to her, and upon her receiving it, depends my life or death.

[Enter Bridget and Footman.
Oh Mrs. *Bridget* your servant ———

Come! you are my little Genius from whom I expect nothing but good; what's my doom?

Bridg. Why Sir, she read your Letter, and whether she would not trust me, being a Servant to her Aunt, or what it was, I know not; but methought your Letter did not seem so agreeable as I expected.

Raym. He's a faint Souldier that gives off for one repulse, if she were as hard to be taken as *Candia*, I'll not raise the Siege: but you are my dear Confident, do me the honour to receive this little earnest of my Gratitude: I must confess it is too small a Present, and yet enough to make a Waiting Woman betray her [Aside.
Country, were it in her power.

Bridget. Really Sir, you make me blush.

Raym. No more, no more; but dear Mrs. *Bridget*, can you tell me why your Lady so narrowly watches me, that I could never yet have opportunity to speak to her Niece?

Bridg. Well! there is nothing I can keep from you; the truth is, my Lady loves you most passionately, and desires no such Rivals as her Niece, I warrant you.

Raym. Prethee don't rally with me, but tell me ———

Bridg. You are strangely dull, if you perceive it not your self, does she not admit those that have less fortunes, as Mr. *Drybob* and Mr. *Briske* to make love to her, and yet bars you of that liberty: Can this be any thing but her love to you?

Raym. It is impossible.

Bridg. Well, it shall all out; the truth on't is, she can neither think nor talk of any thing but Mr. *Raymund* in her very sleep; she embraces me when I lie with her, and calls me Mr *Raymund*; I remember once she did it so eagerly, I protest I was afraid of a Rape.

Raym. If this be true she tells me, I must disguise my love to her Niece, or I shall be sure to lose her.

Bridg.

Bridg. My Lady, Sir you know, has a great Estate, besides her Jointure, and has the disposal of *Theodosia* absolutely given her by her Brothers Will.

Raym. What a lucky Devil design'd this to cross me.

Bridg. If you please to consider, 'twould be no ill bargain for you; I should be very glad of the honour to serve you in it.

Raym. But I have heard she is not yet assur'd of the death of her husband, indeed I have been told he parted from her about three years since upon some discontent, and never since was heard of.

Bridg. Yes Sir, my Lady heard of him from *Venice*, from whence about two years since, he went to the War at *Candia*, and we having never heard from him since, conclude him dead.

Raym. 'Tis very probable, she is employ'd by her *[Aside.* Lady, I must not trust her. It must be so, I see there is no way to come to the Niece, but by the Aunt — Wonder not that I am am surpriz'd at this News, since it is a happiness too great for my belief.

Bridg. Do you think it a happiness?

Raym. So great, that I am doubly paid for the loss of *Theodosia*, in gaining so excellent a Lady as my Lady *Loveyouth*; and I'll assure you there I should have made my first address, but that I heard she had made a Vow of Widdowhood.

Bridg. And did you believe that Vow Sir?

Raym. No I warrant you. I would as soon credit a *[Aside.* Knight of the Post, as a protesting Widdow. Dear Mrs. *Bridget* let me entrust you with my love to your Lady, since it concerns me so nearly.

Bridg. Sir, I shall be very glad of this occasion, and can the more easily promise you my assistance in it; since Mr. *Sneake*, whom I have no small power over, can perswade my Lady to any thing.

Raym. Is't he that speaks nothing but Greek or Latine, or English Fustian? He's Fellow of a Colledge, if I mistake not.

Bridg. The same Sir.

Raym. Indeed I have heard he is a Well-wisher to you. But he's out of Town —

Bridg. He will be in Town this Afternoon, I had an Epistle from him, which tells me so, which perhaps is one of the pleasant'tt you ever read.

Raym.

Raym. What's this?

A Letter.

Perdurant and unconcuffed Mistriss,

TIs not onely my Solamen, but the Celstitude of my felicity, that the transpiration of our Chast Flames of Sympathetick Amity, are mutually continuate; whose perpetuity no Snake hair'd destiny nor Furies-Furiband ner the ghastly Ghosts of Central Nigritude, with all their damn'd infernal Powers, can e'r evert, renode, or dissolve —

Why this is conjuring.

Bridg. O Lord Sir, yonder comes Mr. *Drybob*; walk off I beseech you, I must not be seen with you. — *Ex. Raym.* [Enter Mr. *Drybob* with a little French Dog under his arm.

Dryb. Well; I know some Sots, that are still presenting their Mistrisses rich Rings and Lockets, till they spend more than their Portions in the wooing of them; but let 'em match me for a Present. He e's a pretty French Dog shall charm the Heart of *Theodosta*. This is as new a Present it may be as can be thought on, besides, really 'tis very pretty and fantastick.

Bridg. What has this Fopp got under his Arm?

Dryb. Besides, this Dog I stole from my Mother, who lov'd him as well as if she had whelp'd him her self; and I can say so many fine ingenious pretty things upon him too, besides a Song that I have made of him that shall bewitch her certainly.

Bridg. How now Mr. *Drybob*, what are you designing some Reformation i'th Government, you are so studious?

Dryb. Oh Mrs. *Bridget* your Servant! my little Factor in Love! ha! I think that was no ill expression of mine; but what News of the Cargo of my Love, which I intrusted you with? Will it turn to account? I think by the way, that thought of mine was well enough? Oh what think'st thou?

Bridg. O admirably well said!

Dryb. Nay, it may be I do say as many fine things in a year, as e'r a wit of 'em all; but let that alone.

Bridg. I think so, you are the Chief of all the Wits.

Dryb.

Dryb. I! no alas, not I; I know they will have me one amongst them, do what I can: but deuce take me, if I care much for the Name on't: Indeed I do value my self upon Reperty a little that's the truth on't, and not to lie to you, I must confess I am very happy in that; but alas! who can help it.

Bridg. But what have you got under your Arm Sir?

Dryb. A pretty little French Dog, which I intend to sacrifice to my Mistriss; Sacrifice! observe that word — hum, ha.

Bridg. What Sir, shall he die for your Mistriss?

Dryb. I thank you for that, ha! ne'r a Dog in *Christendom* shall have the honour to die for my Mistriss, I intend to do that my self, if there be occasion for't.

Bridg. How then Sir?

Dryb. I intend to present him to her delicate Alablaster hands, as an Hieroglyphick of my affection; Hieroglyphick? ha, ha, well, I am amaz'd to think how these thoughts come into my head. I am, as to matter of Jest, as my Friend *Ovid* was in Verses, *Quicquid conabor dicere* — now as I hope to live, this came into my head before I was aware on't.

Bridg. Good lack! 'tis wonderful.

Dryb. Nay, faith, 'tis strange, as thou sayst, but would I might ne'r stir out of this place, if it was not *extempore*, I protest and vow, as I am an honest man it was.

Bridg. It is impossible.

Dryb. Nay, prethee, dear Mrs. *Bridget*, believe now, deuce take me, if it was not; but faith I think Hieroglyphick was very pretty and Catachrestical. — hum.

Bridg. Sir, If you please, I'll sacrifice this Dog to my Lady *Theodofia*. —

Dryb. No, I beg your pardon, I will my self make an Oblation of him to her; as I do of this little Tribute of a Purse to you.

Bridg. Your humble Servant Sir.

If this Trade holds, I shall get as much by Bribery as e'r a Magistrate in the Nation can —

Dryb. But pray how does *Theodofia* receive or entertain my Lover? no, no, my Flame, my Flame? ay Flame: that's well enough express'd too, hah.

Bridg.

Bridg. Very well Sir; and yet I must tell you, you have a very dangerous Rival, one Mr. *Crazy*.

Dryb. He, pshaw! a pox on him, he has no wit; a damn'd dull fellow; he cannot break a jest in an hour: but may I have the liberty to go and carefs my Mistress.

Bridg. No Sir, at present she is not visible.

Dryb. Visible! ha, ha, ha, very prettily said upon my life and soul; well I see thou art happy in thy thoughts sometimes as well as I am.

[*Bell rings.*]

Bridg. Hold Sir, I hear my Ladies Bell! I am call'd, adieu.

Dryb. Adieu — my dear Love Factor, as I said before.

Enter Crazy.

Here comes *Crazy*, ha, ha, he is my Rival, pox on him; I fear him not; no, no, *Theodosia* has judgement to distinguish between a dull fellow and a man of parts. Hold, I must conceal my Dog.

Craz. I am your Servant Mr. *Drybob*.

Dryb. O Sir, your humble — but whither are you marching with so galliard and facetious a Countenance, as if you intended this day to storm Ladies hearts — hah.

Craz. Ha, ha! faith to tell thee the truth, I am going to visit a Lady a Person of Honour.

Dryb. By what Name or Title dignifi'd or distinguish'd?

Craz. Well, honest *Drybob*, thou art my loving Friend; I'll bring thee to her: She is upon my honour, the most delicate bewitching Person; and I think I may say without vanity, has some affection for me.

Dryb. He little thinks I am his Rival. Pox on me, if he be not one of the dullest fellows. I could find in my heart to write against him, and I'll be hang'd, if in a Months time I did not write his Head off.

Craz. On my soul and conscience she is one of the most ingenious and judicious Ladies — and in good earnest I don't use to be mistaken in these things. I could tell you many symptoms of her affection.

Dryb. Symptoms of affection; to give the Devil his due,
D that's

Craz. As Sir, I'll tell you some.

Bayl. Mr. Crazy I arrest you.

Bayl. Do not tell us of this and that, I arrest you at the Suit of Mounfieur Pullin, the French Surgeon. Come away.

Dryb. Let me go. ——— [Craz. *lays hold on* Drybob.

Dryb. Hold Crazy, do not name me, I was bound with a wit for a sum of money, and 'tis come to an Execution, as most of their debts do; and there is a Warrant out against me — I dare not stay ————— [*Breaks loose.*]

Dryb. So, so, *Crazy* is catch'd as sure as a Rat in a Trap.

Craz. O my Shoulders ! I am murder'd — [*They tug and hale him*]

Errant. Help, help, here, will you kill Mr. *Crazy*?
Help, help.

Bayl. Out you Strumpet, what do you come to make a rescue?
[*Kick her.*]

Erran. Murder, murder ! help, help.

Craz. Good, honest, worthy, loving, pretty, dear, good-natur'd
Gentlemen, stay but a moment.

Bayl. No Sir, no; come along. ———

Craz. Nay, dear hearts, dear souls, I have no money, but here is a Ring, I had at the Funeral of my Uncle, take that to let me have the honour to speak with that Lady.

Bayl. Nay, I'll be glad for my part to do any Civility I can for a Gentleman.

Errant. What's the matter, Sir, are you arrested? I'll fetch you bay!

Craz.

Craz. No it is no matter for that ; but dear Mrs. *Errant* thou art my life and soul, prethee tell me, how dost thou find *Theodosia* inclin'd, do'st thou think she loves me.

Errant. Without question she has some kindness for you, she confest to me you were one of the wittiest persons.

Craz. No alas, not so neither.

Errant. And one of the handsomest Gentlemen she ever saw.

Craz. Nay, fie, fie, that was a little too much 'faith, she's a very Judicious Woman.

Errant. But you have a dang'rous Rival one Mr. *Drybob*.

Craz. He alas ! alas !

Bayl. Come Sir, we can stay no longer.

Craz. Hold but a little, but one minute. [*Enter Raymund.*

Raym. How now *Crazy* ? are they hurrying thee to base durance, and contagious prison ?

Craz. Yes *Raymund*, at the Suit of *Pullin* the French Surgeon.

Raym. Stay yee Dogs.

Bayl. Who are you ? What would you rescue our pris'ner from us ? then have at you.

Raym. How now Rascals ?

[*They fight.*

Errant. Hey brave Mr. *Crazy*, hey brave Mr. *Raymund* : So Sir, now you are at liberty, I'll take my leave ; I'm in haste to go to Mrs. *Striker* the Habberdashers Wife.

Craz. And wilt thou remember me dear Mrs. *Errant* ?

Errant. Ay, ay, I warrant you.

Craz. Your most obliged Servant——— [*Ex. Errant.*

Raym. Come on *Crazy*, thou behav'st thy self bravely.

Craz. O Sir, I should have fought better, but for some damn'd Pustles upon my Arm, and some Acrochordones upon my right Shoulder ; but really Mr. *Raymund* this is such a deliverance, that nothing can shew my gratitude, but to bring you to see a Person of Honour hard by.

Raym. What a Habberdashers Wife and a Journeyman Taylors Daughter ——

Craz. Nay prethee *Raymund*, no fooling ; I'll tell thee who 'tis, 'tis *Theodosia* ; I hope she is a Person of Honour Sir.

Raym. Are you acquainted with her ?

Craz. Acquainted! yes, yes, I shan't say much, but it may be — but I am a fool for speaking — yet thou art my friend, she commends me extreamly, and says I am the wittiest Gentleman and the finest person, and if I may with modesty tell thee, I have some assurances of her kindness.

Raym. Death, if I did not know the vanity of this Rascal, this would strangely move me.

Craz. But why do I talk, you'll not believe I am in favour with the Ladies, but I'll bring you to her and convince you.

Raym. Come on Sir, I'll go with you ——— [Exeunt.

Enter Lady Loveyouth and Theodosia.

La. Lovey. Come, come, Gentlewoman, deny it not to me; I perceive your inclinations well enough: but pray let me advise you not to set your thoughts upon Mr. *Raymund*.

Theo. What's your reason, Madam?

La. Lovey. My reason, Minx! Come, come, there's something in't that is not fit to tell you.

Theo. I understand the mystery well enough, but I will set my heart upon him in spite of her ravenous Ladiship, that would make him her prey.

La. Lovey. Besides, he's a wild young Gentleman.

Theo. And you would have the taming of him. [Aside.

La. Lovey. I believe he'll dispose of himself in another place too I'll assure you ——— This insolent Girl would come in competition with me forsooth. Do not I allow you three Suiters, that's enough for any reasonable Woman one would think.

Theo. And three such too! Madam!

La. Lovey. Such, I'll assure you Mr. *Crazy*, Mr. *Briske*, and Mr. *Drybob*, are three as agreeable persons and as pretty Sparks perhaps.

Theo. And as well match'd as any three Baboons in Europe, why, Madam, I would as soon marry a Drill as any one of them. The little Gentleman a Horse-back, that leads the Bears to persecution, is a Prince to any of them.

La. Lovey. Ay, ay, I know her drift, she would rob me of Mr. *Raymund*, but if I have any prevailing Charms remaining in these Eyes of mine, she shall not.

Theo.

Theo. They Husbands, why a Nunnery were more tolerable, to be mew'd up with none but musty old Women, or your melancholy young Eaters of Chalk. I had rather be kept waking at a Conventicle than hear the name of them.

La. Lovey. You are a foolish Girl! I protest they are pretty Gallants and Wits of the Town.

Theo. Gallants and Wits! Buffoons and Jack-puddens; rather condemn me to a little City-Shop-Keeper, with whom I may never have new Gown and Handkercher, but half a year behind the Fashion; where I may be bred to rail against the Ladies of the Court, among my publick She Neighbours, and to mince and simper at an Up-fitting or a Christning.

La. Lovey. Ay, ay, go on, go on.

Theo. To live all the Week in a melancholy Back-room, and on Sunday go to Church with my Hu band in a broad Hat, strutting before me, and the Fore-man of the Shop having me in one hand, and a huge Bos'd Bible, as big as I am, in the other.

La. Lovey. Good Mrs. Dis-dain make much of them, for I'll assure you, you are like to have no other; I'll look to you for Mr. Raymand I promise you.

Theo. No other! why I had rather marry a Countrey Justice, that lives in a Hall-place, two mile from a Town; that's too covetous to keep a Coach, and too jealous to suffer me to come to London: that makes me rise by five a clock in the morning to look to my Dairy, and to receive Geese and Capons as Bribes to his Worship for Justice.

La. Lovey. How your Tongue runs?

Theo. Or when I have a Holyday, to have the liberty to walk two mile to fill my Belly with Stew'd Prunes or Rasheis of Bacon at a poor Neighbours-house.

La. Lovey. Good Mrs. Nimble Chopps they are fit for your betters.

Theo. Yes, for your Ladyship, why don't you chuse one of them.

La. Lovey. So I would, Mrs. Malepert, had I not vow'd to live a Widdow.

Theo. A Widdow, that keeps a Vow against Marriage, were a more monstrous Creature than the Fish taken at *Greenwich*.

Enter Bridget.

La. Lovey. How now Sauce Box? Oh *Bridget* where hast thou been?

Bridg. Oh Madam, I have News for your Ladyship, that I hope will not be unpleasant.

La. Lovey. For me? What is't?

Bridg. From Mr. *Raymund*, Madam.

Theo. How's this?

La. Lovey. From Mr. *Raymund*, alas, what can that be?

Bridg. Madam, I'll tell it in your Ladyships Ear.

La. Lovey. Nay, nay, pray speak it out ——— well he's an excellent person ——— [Aside.]

Bridg. Madam, he told me, he had an extraordinary passion for your Ladyship.

Theo. What says she? [Aside.]

La. Lovey. For me! O my dear *Raymund*, I am sure I have for thee — What did you say *Bridget*, I did not mind it?

Bridg. That Mr. *Raymund* had a very great passion for your Ladyship, and I am sure he loves your Ladyship most violently.

Theo. Can I endure to hear this?

La. Lovey. Me, fie, fie, why sure he did not tell thee so? I am transported at this happy News ——— [Aside.]

Bridg. I'll assure your Ladyship he did, and but that I would not take money to betray your Ladyships affections, offer'd me good round Fees, to be his Advocate.

Theo. Perfidious Man!

La. Lovey. I told you Gentlewoman he had dispos'd himself in another place.

Theo. But Madam, you are resolv'd to live a Widdow.

La. Lovey. I know not, I am as unwilling to marry as any body; but you know where Marriages are made, alas, there's no resisting of our Fate. How I am o'rjoy'd that I shall get him from this confident Girl! who would be my Rival.

Enter

Enter Crazy and Raymund.

Theo. Here he comes, that I could breath infection on him.

La. Love. Good lack! he's here, and I am not half in order.

Bridget you have drest me so carelessly to day.

Craz. I adies your most humble Servant, I make bold to introduce a Friend of mine.

Raym. Prethee peace, I can introduce my self.

La. Love. He is very welcome upon his own account.

Raym. Madam, you infinitely oblige me.

Craz. Dear Madam, I kiss your fair hands.

Theo. Dear Sir, 'tis very civilly done of you.

Craz. Alas Madam! but I make bold to present this worthy Friend of mine.

Raym. Pox o' this Coxcomb ——— [Aside.

Madam, I hope you will do me the honour to receive my duty from my self ——— ha! what means this [Turns away from him. scorn?

La. Love. I knew 'twould vex her to see him make his applications to me.

Craz. Prethee *Raymund* do'nt be troubled at her aversion, you know I told you before I was the only person in her affection; Faith I was afraid she wou'd use you thus.

Raym. Curse on this Fool, I will find some means to put a Ticket I have into her hand, that will try her farther.

La. Love. Sir, My Niece is a foolish ill-bred Girle, that knows not how to value a Gentleman; but I hope you will be so just to me, to believe you are to me most welcome.

Raym. If you knew how much I desir'd to be so to you, of all your Sex, I fear I should be less.

La. Love. No Sir, I should not be so uncivil.

Raym. 'Slife! she comes on faster than I have occasion for her. Madam, I beseech you, Let the violence of my passion excuse me, when I presume to tell you that I have so long suffer'd by your Charming Eyes, that I can no longer keep my passion in; 'tis now too head-strong for me.

La. Love. Oh, he's a rare person ——— [Aside.

Theo.

Theo. This is an affliction which nothing can surpass but the love of this Coxcomb.

Craz. Well! 'tis most evident, she has a passion for me, but who can help it.

Raym. Kill not a young Gentleman at first dash Madam 'tis too inhumane.

La. Love. Sir, I hope you intend nothing but honourable.

Raym. Injure me not to suspect my honour.

La. Love. No Sir, by no means. Indeed I heard something of this from my Maid.

Raym. But I am now come to present my heart with my own hands.

La. Love. Sir, If you please, let us retire a little and discourse of this business.

Craz. Madam! I humbly demand your pardon, I perceive your aversion to *Raymund* does disturb you a little, had I known it, I would not have brought him; and yet faith he's a very honest Fellow.

Theo. Do not believe so ill of me, to think any thing can give me a disturbance while you are present.

Craz. Ah Madam, I kiss your fair hands; you are so obliging, really I know not how to deserve it.

Theo. This conceited Ass can never know when he is abus'd.

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. Ladies! Your most obedient humble Footstool, I take the liberty to pay my devoir here.

La. Love. You are welcome, sweet Mr. *Drybob*.

Dryb. Dear sweet Lady, your Vassal couchant. *Raymund*, servant *Raymund*. How now *Crazy*?

Craz. How I despise this Fool?

La. Love. But Sir, what were you saying, these Gentlemen interrupted us.

Theo. I will conceal my resentment, if *Raymund* should perceive it, 'twould make him more insolent.

Dryb. Madam, You see I am a bold man, that dare venture to come within Eye-shot of you. It may be *Crazy* that was not ill said.

said. But Madam, I would adventure any danger to atchieve a Kifs of your fair hand. Mind that *Crazy*.

Theod. Sir, you have conferr'd a favour on me, that I cannot be worthy of, tho I should sacrifice all my endeavours to merit it.

Craz. This Coxcomb does not find that she abuses him.

Dryb. Dear Spark of Beauty, your are very pleasurable; but I swear Madam by the Tip of your Ear, that I love you most immaculately, there agen *Crazy* ——— [Kicks his Shins.

Craz. Death, this Rogue has murder'd me! Oh my Shins, a Pox of his fine Sayings.

Dryb. And as Hieroglyphick of that affection, I present you with his little French Dog to be Servant to your little Bitch.

Craz. What an Employment has he found out to be Pimp to a Bitch. [Theod. gives the Dog to Bridget, who carries him away.

Theo. Really Sir, it is a Dog of a very elegant compofure.

Dryb. Admirably well said, I protest and vow, Madam, is it not, *Crazy*. I know 'twould take her strangely; but what does this dull Sot hope for, that does not say two good things in a day. But I beseech you, Madam, how does your little Domestick Animal your Bitch. Mark that *Crazy*. [Kicks him.

Craz. 'Slife can't a man stand in quiet for this Rascal, if he be so damnable witty I'll draw upon him.

Theo. Really Sir, the poor Creature, by reason of a great Defluxion of Rheum, has sore Eyes and keeps her Chamber.

Dryb. This Lady has an admirable wit, pox on me Madam, if I am not extreemly afflicted for the indisposition of her body.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Madam, here's one from Mrs. Errant ———

La. Love. Sir, I take my leave of you at present, but shall wait on you immediately. [Ex. La. Love.

Raym. Your humble Servant, this is a happy opportunity. Madam, I beg the honour of you to hear me one word.

Theo. No Sir, I have heard too much already.

Raym. Hah! this anger of hers is no ill sign.

Craz. Prethee *Raymund*, for my sake, don't trouble thy self for this; Alas, I told thee this before. That Coxcomb may be allow'd to be abus'd.

Dryb. *Raymund*, thou see'st this Lady is most abstemiously squeamish, and yet that damn'd dull Fellow *Crazy* does most pertinaciously care for her. Poor Sot, I pity him.

Enter La. Loveyouth and Bridget.

La. Love. Sir, I am now return'd, if you please to the point.

Raym. Pox of all impatient Widdows.

Dryb. Let me see, I forgot something I was to say of this Dog that was worth Diamonds.

Craz. Madam, This is a very Impertinent Fellow, but I could wish we were alone, that we might enjoy our selves.

Theo. That were too great a happiness for me.

Craz. No Madam, you deserve a great deal more.

Dryb. Oh I have it.

Craz. Now is this Villain going to break a jest, and I dare not stand near him.

Dryb. Madam, I must confess the Dog was not born in *France*, but of French parents upon my honour, and is of as ancient a Family, and has as good blood running in his veins (no dispraise) as ere a Dog in *France*. But *Raymund* I'll shew the Song I made of this Present, that may be is well enough.

Raym. Most excellent.

Dryb. Ay it's not brisk, I am asham'd to give it to my Mistress, prethee do thou.

Raym. With all my heart. Madam, Mr. [Changes it, and puts a Ticket into her hands.]
Dryb. desires to present this to you.

Theo. He might ha' don't himself. [She views it,
Ha! what's this?

She reads,

M Adam, The love I make to your Aunt, is onely acted by me, finding I can never come to an opportunity of revealing my passion to you, till by pretending love to her I have remov'd all jealousies.

lousies ; you see at present she watches me so narrowly , that I can find no occasion to tell you how much I honour you , who am entirely yours

Raymund.

Forgive my unjust suspicion , this is a happy turn.

Dryb. Come, Madam, I see it pleases you ; if you please, Madam, pronounce it with an audible voice, that this little Audience may communicate.

La. Love. Ay, do so Niece. I have seen very pretty things of Mr. *Drybobs* ; or if you will I'll read it, give it me.

Theo. Heaven ! what shall I do ?

Raym. Madam , I fear you are not us'd to the hand , give me leave ————— [Changes it for the Song.

Theo. But I hope Mr. *Drybob* will be pleas'd to give it breath, and utter it harmoniously.

Dryb. My mellodious Pipes are a little obstructed , but to serve you, I will chant it forth incontinently , hem, hem, but Madam, I want a Theorbo to pitch my voice.

La. Love. Will not a Gittar serve ?

Dryb. It will in some measure supply the defect.

La. Love. Bridget go fetch one ——— [Ex. and brings a Gittar.

Dryb. Now *Raymund* observe. *Crazy* listen carefully, Methinks it should break this Fools heart to see how kindly I am us'd. ——— Hem, hem.

Sings.

*I hope it is your pleasure
To accept of this Dog for a Treasure,
From him that loves you beyond all measure
Which may mystically shew
What to your Eyes I owe.
That of your affection I have put on the Clog,
And am your most humble Servant and Dog.
With a Bow, Wow, Wow ; &c.*

Ha, how do you like that *Chorus* , faith I think it is very new.

Raym. 'Tis so, and in my judgement has as much sense as most *Chorus's*.

Dryb. Is it not very brisk and facetious, hah?

Craz. It is so, but in good truth I did not take you for a Dog before.

Dryb. Now for a Reparty to knock down this Coxcomb, with hum ——— Death it will not do. Pox on't, I us'd to be more present to my self.

Craz. Madam, I beseech you let's retire from this impertinent Ass.

Theo. Yes, with a more impertinent one.

Dryb. Now I have it, ha, ha, ha, though I am a Dog, I am not the Son of a Bitch *Crazy*, ha, ha, ha.

Craz. Why Sir, who is? [Bustles up to him.

Dryb. Nay Sir, I say nothing, Mum is the Italian *tu quoque* word.

Craz. But Sir, let me tell you, if you be a Dog, and not the Son of a Bitch, you are not lawfully begotten.

Dryb. Ha, ha, pox on me, if it be not well said; prethee let me kiss thee for that. O my Conscience my Company makes thee witty.

La. Love. Sir, since I find you are so honourable, if you please we'll with-draw.

Raym. 'Sdeath I have plung'd my self over head and ears before I was aware on't ——— [Ex. *Raym.* *La. Love* *Joan*.

Theo. My Termagant Aunt has no mercy on her Lover.

Craz. Sir, notwithstanding your mirth, I hope you are ready to give me satisfaction for the affront.

Dryb. This dull insipid Fellow takes a witty reparty for an affront, but I'll bear up to him. Sir, if you talk of satisfaction, the world knows I am ready to attend any mans motion in that way.

Theo. Gentlemen, I must retire a while.

Craz. I hope I shall have the honour to wait on you.

Dryb. Madam I'll wait on you.

Theo. How shall I rid my self of these Fopps?

Craz. You wait on her?

Dryb. Yes Sir I, for all you Sir. Lord, Sir, you are so hasty.

Craz. Do not be impertinent, to intrude upon a Ladies privacy.

Dryb.

Dryb. Peace Coxcomb, peace. Come, Madam, I'll wait on you, I vow this Fop makes me very merry.

Craz. Prethee stand by and learn more manners.

Dryb. Alas, Madam, mind him not.

Theo. Farewel Gentlemen ———

[*Ex.*]

Craz. Keep back I say.

Dryb. Keep you back then, if you go to that. ——— [*Exeunt.*]

The Third ACT.

Enter Crazy and Drybob with their Swords drawn.

Craz. Come, come, have you made your Will?

Dryb. Yes, yes, don't you trouble your self for that, I have it alwayes ready upon these occasions.

Craz. If you have not, your Estate by being unsettled, may come to be divided among the Lawyers, after I have kill'd you.

Dryb. Sweet Mr. Crazy, don't think to fright me, for I am a Rhinoceros, if I care any more for you than I do for a Feather of a Shuttlecock.

Craz. This will not fright the Rogue. ——— [*Aside.*]
Under favour I will run you thorow the Lungs immediately.

Dryb. He shall not out-huffe me ——— [*Aside.*]
Look you Sir, I am no man to be frightened, though you look as big as a Dutch Trúmpeter; and I think that's well enough said too.

Craz. I am no Gentleman, if I do not stick you to the ground the first Pass.

Dryb. I am the Son of a Corn-Cutter if I do not rip up your Puddens instantly. Death this Rogue looks like a very *Buffy d' Ambois*.

Craz. Come on Sir, have at you ——— yet if you will resign

Theo.

Theodosia, I care not, if I be contented with a Leg or an Arm; nor that I believe you have an interest; but for form sake.

Dryb. Resign my Mistress! ha, ha, if I should, do you think she would marry a Fellow with a face that looks like a squeez'd Turnip; and I think there's a Satyrical Bob upon you.

Craz. I must try some other way.

Dryb. Why you look already as sowlily as the Picture of a Stabb'd *Lucrece*. I shall break the [Craz. beats *Dryb.* sword
Rogues heart with these Bobs. out of his hand, before he

Craz. Now Sir, pray quickly. is aware on't.

Dryb. Hold, hold, I cannot pray very well, but I can run as well as most men in the Nation, which will serve my turn better at this time ——— [Runs.

Craz. Are you so nimble, I shall overtake you; 'Slife this Rogue has run his heats at *New Market* [Dryb. runs round the
I think ——— Stage and Crazy af-

Dryb. This is a lucky opportunity: ter him ———

*Enter Mrs. Friske passing slowly
over the Stage* ———

[Craz. lets fall one of the
Swords.

[Dryb. takes it up and
fights.

Craz. Hold, hold, I say; I'll spare your life two minutes, till I wait upon you, Lady.

Dryb. You spare my life! I scorn your words; but I will in mercy let you take your leave of her; since 'tis the last time you shall ever see her.

Frisk. Ah ——— what's here, a Sword drawn ——— [Skrieks.

Craz. Be not afraid, Madam *Frisk*, I am fighting with a simple fellow here for your honour.

Frisk. For my honour? I was going to Mr. *Brisk's* Lodging; I'll call him to help you.

Craz. By no means. Dear Madam *Friske* let me kiss but this fair hand, and that will inspire me to kill twenty such Rascals in an Afternoon. ——— But where shall I have the honour to wait upon you by and by?

Frisk. Put up your Sword then, I will be at my Lodging with-in a quarter of an hour, and I shall have never a friend with me.

Dryb. What will you ne'r have done there?

Craz.

Craz. Madam, I will but run this Fellow thorow the Body a little, and I'll not fail to wait on you.

Dryb. If I fall on now I shall come off with honour, for she'll be sure to call some body to part us. [Runs at Crazy.]

Frisk. Help, help, Mr. *Briske*. Oh help, help Mr. *Briske*.

Craz. Stand your ground you Coxcomb, [Fight, and *Craz.* do you think I am bound to fight you by drives *Dryb.* back. the mile.

Enter Mr. Briske and Friske.

Brisk. Where are they?

Frisk. There, I dare not stay to look on them — [Exit.]

Brisk. Hold, hold! What a pox ails you? Hold, hold, you Wits can never agree among your selves; you are not so strong a Party, that you should need to destroy one another: you are fighting here as fiercely as *Guy of Warwick* and *Colbrand* the Dane.

Dryb. Faith *Jack Eriske* that's a pretty thought of thine, ha, ha.

Brisk. Put up, for shame, put up, and be *Pilades* and *Orestes*, what was your quarrel? I am afraid you do not understand these nice points of honour. Let me hear, how was it?

Craz. He had the insolence obliquely to give me the Name of Son of a Bitch.

Dryb. I protest and vow he gaue me the ignominious appellation of a Dog, like a damn'd Cynick Phylosopher.

Brisk. Why look you, here's your mistake already: Why I was call'd Son of a Whore at *Chatolins* last night, and what do you think I did?

Craz. According to the Laws of honour I make no question.

Dryb. P'rhaw, you understand those things no more than a Co-stermonger.

Brisk. Pish, you are out, you are out! Lord. Lord, To see the fault of mens Education. I'll tell you — when he call'd me Son of a Whore, I ev'n took him uproundly, and told him flat and plain I scorn'd his words. Now by this means I put this Rogue out of his Road; the Sor knew not what to reply, I took such a new way of affronting him.

Craz. This fellow is no better than a Coxcomb,

Dryb.

Dryb. I am the Son of a Squirrel, if this was not mighty pretty and exotick.

Brisk. Ay, was't not, I knew I should vex the heart of him with this affront, and upon my honour it incens'd him so devillishly, that ha, ha, ha ——— he gave me three as good sufficient substantial kicks as a man would wish to see in a Summers day, ha, ha, ha.

Dryb. But what didst thou reply to the kicks, *Jack*, ha?

Brisk. Why faith when he kick'd me, I told him very smartly, I scorn'd such ill-bred Sots from my heart, and that I thought him as much below me as the fellow that cries *Tinder-Boxes* and *Mousetrapps*; and then sung a *Corant* of *Berkenhawes* in *D'sol*, re, fa, la, la, la.

Dryb. By *Gayland Ben. Buker*, and *Taffaletta*, most judiciously manag'd.

Brisk. At this he was amaz'd, and said I was a *Stoick*, but I sung on, fa la, la, la, which by the way is an excellent *Corant*, thou shalt hear't, fa la, la.

Dryb. In good faith it is a very merry and luscious *Corant*.

Brisk. But come, my dear friends, embrace, embrace.

Craz. Sir, under favour, I do no more care for him, than I do for one of your *Operators* for *Teeth*.

Dryb. Nor I for you, any more than for one of those obstreperous wide-mouth'd Rogues that cry *Spratts*, which I think by the way is another guesst thought than yours, ha, ha.

Brisk. Come, upon my honour you shall embrace, and I will bring you to my *Mistriss*, and we'll have *Fiddles* and dance too.

Craz. Nay, if there be a *Lady* in the *Case* I submit.

Dryb. And what care I, no body shall bee too hard for me in kindness.

Craz. Your *Servant*, Mr. *Drybob*.

Dryb. Your humble *Servant* Mr. *Crazy*.

Brisk. So come, let's go to my *Mistriss*, fa la, la, la.

Craz. This was a lucky r' encounter ——— [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Bridget and Sneake.

Bridg. Good Mr. *Sneake*, you will overset me with Learning, you smell so strong of the University.

Sneak. Truly Mrs. *Bridget*, by the interposition of an Opacous distance between those Luminaries your Eyes and my self, I have suffer'd a *Deliquium*, viz. an Eclipse.

Bridg. You have not, I deny your Major.

Sneak. I could delucidate this by way of illustration, but I confess Metaphors are not argumentive; but your Eyes I say are like the Birds in the *Hyrcinian Groves*, which by the refulgency of their Wings did guid the wandering Traveller, and enlighten the most Opacous renebrofity.

Bridg. So much for this time, yonder comes a fit anger, we will retire.

Sneak. I am your Servant in any thing within the Sphere of my Activity

Enter Sir Richard Loveyouth in disguise.

Bridg. Who's this ——— [Ex.

Sneak. You shall have conference with her, I will cause her to approach incontinently.

Sir Rich. What Coxcomb have we got here? well this disguise and my long absence will secure me from my Wives knowledge, I am resolv'd to try her farther. 'Tis possible that impertinence, that vanity and frowardness, that made me leave her, by this time may have forsaken her ——— Here she comes. I'll observe her.

Enter La. Loveyouth.

Madam, Are you my Lady *Loveyouth*.

La. Lovey. I am, would you have any thing with me?

Sir Rich. I am the unhappy Messenger of ill news to your Ladyship.

La. Lovey. Ill news? What can that be?

Sir Rich. Your Husband, Sir *Richard Loveyouth*.

F

La. Lovey.

La. Love. My Husband ! What of him ? I hope he is not living yet.

Sir Rich. Madam , He is dead.

La. Lov. Dead ! and how dy'd he ?

Sir Rich. He was kill'd in *Candia* in that fatal Sally made by the French upon the Turks.

La. Lov. Art thou sure of it ?

Sir Ric. This is very fine.

[*Aside.*

Madam , I brought off his body , having then the honour to be his Servant , and to confirm what I say , behold this Ring of his.

La. Lov. It is so ; but I will not afflict my self farther , we must all die ; the grief that was due to his memory , I believing him dead , have paid already.

Sir Rich. A very short liv'd grief I thank her for't. Ha ! I have a way to make discoveries of her , that may be cause of a Divorce , which Heaven send me. Madam , the death of my Master has put me out of employment , and if your Ladyship has any vacant place , I beg to serve you. I will do it faithfully.

La. Lov. You speak very seasonably ; for my Gentleman-Usher dy'd last week for love of my Shoemakers Daughter , you shall succeed him.

Sir Rich. A worthy Employment ——— [*Aside.*

Madam , I humbly thank you.

La. Lov. Much good may it do you , and as a beginning of your service , pray go into the next room , and desire Mr. *Raymund* , a handfom worthy Gentleman , that waits there , to come to me.

Sir Rich. I will Madam — A very good beginning — [*Aside.*

Enter Raymund and Sir Richard.

La. Lov. Now Mr. *Raymund* I am assur'd of my Husbands death.

Raym. How Madam ?

La. Lov. This honest fellow , whom I have entertain'd into my service , saw him dead. Pray tell him you Sir.

Sir Rich. O Devil ! what's this ? — [*Aside.*

'Tis too true Sir.

La. Lov.

La. Lov. And now Sir I take the liberty to tell you I can no longer be refractory to your honourable desires.

Enter Bridget with a Letter.

Bridg. Sir, Here's a Letter for you left by a Porter ; who said it requir'd no answer and is gone.

Raym. For me, what can it be?

La. Lov. Where's my Niece?

Bridg. In her Chamber, Madam.

La. Lov. If she offers to intrude upon Mr. *Raymund* and my self, tell her we are busie.

Bridg. I will Madam.

La. Lov. And do you hear?

Raym. Shall I believe my Senses?

Reads.

I Cannot but be sensible of the honour you do me in your Professions of kindness to me, and since this Paper cannot blush, I presume to tell you what nothing but the restraint I suffer could force me to; which is, that your person and your passion are esteem'd by

You may trust this Bearer.

Theodosia.

Ah my dear *Theodosia*.

Enter Theodosia.

La. Lov. How now Mink? What makes you sawcily intrude upon Mr. *Raymund* and me?

Theo. A certain curiosity of doing things that are forbidden me.

La. Lov. 'Tis very well; but pray gape not after him. You may if you please call him Uncle: In the meantime get you in.

Raym. Curse on her impertinent Jealousie.

Madam, I have too short a time to tell you how I am transported at your Letter.

F 2

Theo.

Theo. Pray take care, we are spy'd; talk with *Bridget*, I am assur'd of her faith to me.

La. Lov. Good lack! Niece, you might have spoken lowd, Mr. *Raymund* would have trusted me; but pray get you to your Chamber.

Theo. Well Aunt I shall be quit with you ——— [Ex.

La. Lov. Hark you *Robin*. [Whispers Sir Rich.

Raym. Mrs. *Bridget*, since *Theodosia* has intrusted you, you must not refuse to bring me privately into her Chamber this Night.

Bridg. I shall be glad to serve you, but my Lady will discover it.

Raym. Let me alone to manage that; I'll dispose of her that she shall never know of it.

La. Lov. Mr. *Raymund* I beg your pardon; but if you please at present we will with-draw.

Raym. I'll wait on your Ladyship.

Enter Crazy, Brisk, and Drybob.

Brisk. Ah Madam! your Ladyships humble Servant.

La. Lov. Gentlemen your Servant.

Brisk. Where is your Niece?

La. Lov. I'll send her to you ——— [Ex. *La. Lov.* *Raym.*

Brisk. Now, you shall see my Mistriss. and *Bridget*.

Dryb. This is a very good jest i faith, *Crazy*; his Mistriss.

Craz. That men should understand themselves no better?

Brisk. Fa, la, la, la, that's an excellent Corant; really I must confess *Grabu* is a very pretty hopesul man, but *Berkenshaw* is a rare fellow, give him his due, fa la, la, for he [Walks about
can teach men to compose, that are deaf, dumb, combing his
and blind. Peruke.

Dryb. This is a good, pretty, apish, docible fellow; really he might have made a very pretty Barber Surgeon, if he had been put out in time: but it arrides me extreemly, to think how he will be bob'd?

Craz. Yes, yes, he will be bob'd; that men should be so mistaken.

Dryb. Ay, on my Conscience and Soul the Palat of his Judgment.

ment is down ; and by the way how do'st like that Metaphor or rather *Catachresis* ?

Craz. Oh admirably.

Brisk. Drybob.

Craz. While these Coxcombs are in discourse , I'll privately go in and see my Mistress _____ [Ex. *Craz.*

Brisk. Here's a Perriwig , no Flax in the world can be whiter ; how delicately it appears by this Colour'd Hanging , and let me advise you ever while you live , if you have a fair Peruke , get by a Green or some Dark colour'd Hanging or Curtain , if there be one in the Room. Oh it sets it off admirably.

Dryb. A ve y Metaphysical Notion.

Brisk. And be sure if your Eye-brows be not black , to black 'em soundly ; ah your Black Eye-brow is your fashionable Eye-brow. I hate Rogues that wear Eye-brows that are out of Fashion.

Dryb. By the soul of *Gresham* a most Phylosophical Invention.

Brisk. Thou'lt scarce believe it , but upon my honour , two Ladies fell in love with me one day at the Kings Play-House , and are in a desperate condition at this very time , for this Perywig.

Dryb. But why are you so cruel ?

Brisk. Alas ! if I should mind every Lady that falls in love with me , I should have a fine time on't indeed.

Dryb. *Stultorum omnia plena* ! I am the spurious issue of a Fishmonger , if a more conceited Puppy ever presented himself to my Eyes.

Brisk. I had three several Suits in one year won me three very ingenious , quick-spirited , and very pretty merry conceited Ladies as any are within the Walls of *Europe*. You must know I do value my self upon my Clothes and the judicious wearing of 'em.

Dryb. Nay certainly you are a most compleat and polite Gentleman in the opinion of at least two besides your self.

Brisk. No, no; but I'll tell thee an honest fellow of my acquaintance , by imitating one of my Suits , got himself a Widdow of 3000 *l.* a year Penny Rent.

Enter Crazy and Theodosia.

Craz. Pray Madam, let me advise you, don't run your self into trouble with these Puppies, but let us enjoy our selves in private.

Theo. Sir, I must obey my Aunt, 'tis not for want of Inclination to your sweet Society, I assure you.

Brisk. Ah, my Queen Regent, I salute the hem of your Garment.

Theo. I cannot without a blush, allow the humility of the address.

Dryb. Thou shalt see *Crazy* how she'll abuse him, for I am the Son of a Bum-Bayly if she has not the most exuberant and luxurious expressions that ever enter'd the concave of this Ear.

Craz. This Fool *Drybob* has no more understanding than a Gander.

Brisk. By the Coat of our Family, which is an Ass Rampant, a very ancient and honourable one, I am ready to venture my life under the Banner of your Beauty; and honour you so, that I would, oh 'tis incomparable, 'tis incomprehensible. —

Theo. By my Grandfather's Spur-leather, which was in those dayes worn by very honourable Persons, you oblige me so immoderately: That oh — 'tis admirable, tis inexpressible!

Craz. How I blush for this fellow!

Brisk. Come, Madam, let's be frolick, Galliard, and extraordinary brisk, fa, la, la, la.

Theo. Sir, I cannot behold the lines of that face, but I am provok'd to mirth, fa, la, la, la.

Brisk. Look you there *Drybob* and *Crazy*, look ye —

Craz. Madam, I am so interrupted by these fellows, that I have not time to tell you that I feed a Flame within, which so torments me.

Dryb. Pox on't that's stole out of a Play.

Craz. What then, that's lawful; 'tis a shifting age for wit, and every body lies upon the Catch.

Brisk. O Madam, where were you, that I miss'd you last Night, at the Park?

Theo.

Theo. Did you shine there last Night?

Brisk. Madam, I did; for after I had pranc'd before your Window upon my Roan-Nag, in honour to my Love, ———
Did you see me Madam?

Theo. O Sir, my Eyes met you in your Career, by the same token you had a Muskatoon and Pistols.

Brisk. I had so Madam, and my man carry'd a skrew'd Gun, that I bought at *Brussels*; for I alwayes love to do those things *en Cavalier*; but thus equipped, I went to take the Air in the Park, and immediately all the Ladies and Persons of Quality left the Tour and came about me, and were most incomparably pleas'd with the fashion; so that I am resolv'd next time to go with Back, Breast, and Head-Piece. [Flourish.]

Theo. Most accutely imagin'd.

Brisk. But hark you Madam, yonder are my Fiddles: I bespoke 'em, and pray let me have the honour to dance with you; it may be you will like my manner well enough.

Dryb. But we want Women.

Craz. I'll supply that, Madam, immediately.

Brisk. Prethee do, and make haste *Crazy*.

Craz. Now will I be reveng'd upon *Briske*, and bring his own Strumpet hither. ——— [Ex Crazy.]

Enter Lady Loveyouth and Raymund.

Raym. You must not deny me this Evening some private Conference with you.

La. Lov. But how shall I keep it from the knowledge of my Niece.

Raym. I'll tell you, Madam, If you please to walk in the Garden, I'll come in at the Back-door and wait on you there, where we will confer about our mutual happiness.

La. Lov. I will not fail ———

Brisk. My honourable Aunt that shall be, I adore your Shoe-strings.

La. Lov. O Lord Sir, your Servant. Come on Mr. *Raymund*, let's hear you break a jest, and put these two Wits out of Countenance.

Theo.

Theo. Methinks Mr. *Drybob* is a notable man.

Brisk. Ay, Madam, as far as Inns of Court breeding; but alas, we are above those things.

Raym. Are you above Inns of Court breeding?

Brisk. Yes, that I am Sir, what's that to you?

Raym. Why it is not six Moneths since you us'd to keep Company with none but Clerks, and call for your Three-pence in Beef at *Hercules Pillars* or the *Harrow in Chancery-Lane*; where the whole Company us'd to fall out about the dividing of Three-half-pence: when every Night you us'd to drink Ale and put Law Cases as long as you could see.

Brisk. You are merry Sir.

Dryb. And where you us'd ———

Raym. Nor is it five Moneths since I saw you strut most Majestically in the Hall and inveagle a third man at Six-penny In and In, and by the help of a dozen men, chastize one poor Topper or Palmer; where I have seen you most magnanimously assist at the pumping of a Bawd, or the washing and trimming of a Bailly.

Dryb. Where I have seen you? ———

Brisk. Is this your breeding?

Dryb. A pox on't a man cannot speak for you.

Brisk. But Sir, I'd have you know I was as well esteem'd there as any man that ever eat Loyns of Mutton dry-rosted yet, and danc'd as well at the Revels too.

Dryb. I have seen you there, how you ———

Brisk. And let me tell you that at *Christmas*, when we were to have had a Prince, I was as fair for preferment as any man there.

Dryb. Yes, and I can tell you ———

Brisk. But the Government, by reason of some civil dissensions, fell that *Christmas* to a Common-wealth; but alas I am above these things.

Dryb. Above 'em! ——— I'll tell you ———

Raym. Why this to me?

Dryb. Pox of these uncivil fellows, they won't let a man break a jest among 'em; and Madam, I am the Son of a Baboon, if stoppage of Wit be not as great a pain to me as stoppage of Urine.

Raym. Have not I seen you within these three Moneths lolling out of *Mundens* with a Glass of Windy-Bottle-Ale in one hand and a Pipe of *Mundungus* in the other; and out of a brisk gay humor, drinking to Passengers in the Street.

Brisk. 'Tis well Sir, I hope you will give me satisfaction for these affronts?

Raym. Yes, as much as you dare ask.

Brisk. Then blood will ensue.

Enter Crazy and Friske.

Craz. Madam, here is one Lady.

Brisk. Death this Rogue has undone me! *Friske* here! *Theodosia* will for ever disown me ———

Raym. What's the matter *Briske*? are you Planet struck. *Crazy*, I could hugge thee for this.

La. Lov. We need your assistance in a Dance, Madam.

Frisk. Your Servant sweet Madam; Lord, Mr. *Brisk*, you need not be so strange.

Brisk. Ah Cousin your Servant.

Theo. Is she your Cousin Sir?

Frisk. Mr. *Brisk* is none of my Cousin, I assure your Ladyship; is my Servant, nay perhaps there is a little nearer relation betwixt us.

Theo. How's this Sir?

Brisk. 'Slife, this She Devil will ruin me! Alas, Madam, she's merry, she drolls; but come let's dance and put these things out of our heads. Come in Minnim and Crotchet and fegue your Violins away, fa, la, la, la.

Enter Mrs. Striker.

Craz. O Heaven! who's here, I am undone. [*He goes to thrust*

Brisk. This is a Revenge beyond my expectation, stand by *Crazy*; whither do you put the Lady? Come in Mrs. *Striker*; here's a Mistress of *Crazy's* will serve to make up the number of Dancers, Madam.

Craz. Prethee begone, if thou lov'st me.

Striker. Come *Mr. Crazy*, this won't pass upon me,
Your Ladyships most obedient Servant ——— [To *Theod.*

Raym. Bear up *Crazy*, you know she's a Person of Honour.

Craz. Come Fiddles strike up, pray Madam, let's dance.

Brisk. Now Sir, I hope you are ready to give [They Dance:
me satisfaction.

Raym. I am Sir.

Brisk. Follow me then, Ladies, I have an inexorable business
calls me away at present ——— Servant, your Servant.

Raym. Ladies, I'll wait on you again instantly; Mrs. *Bridget*
prethee forget not what I said to you, we shall have excellent
sport. [Ex. *Raym.*

Bridg. I warrant you I'll do't Sir.

La. Lov. Now he's gone, I'll retire; Ladies and Gentlemen
your Servant ——— [Ex.

Frisk. O me, Madam, why does not your Ladyship frequent
the Mulberry Garden, oftner: I vow we had the pleasant'st Diver-
tisement there last night. [Craz. whispers

Strik. Ay, I was there, Madam *Frisk*, and *Bridget*.
the Garden was very full; Madam, of Gentlemen and Ladies that
made love together till Twelve a Clock at Night, the pretty'st:
I vow 'twould do ones heart good to see them.

Theo. Why that's a time for Cats to make love in, not Men
and Women.

Frisk. Well Madam, there was a Lord, that shall be nameless,
would needs come and proffer his service to me.

Strik. I know who that was; alas, he'll do that to any body,
Madam *Friske*.

Frisk. Lord, you are so troubl'd, I warrant you, Madam
Striker.

Dryb. to Bridg. But art thou sure thy Mistress loves me?

Bridg. Why she cannot rest for you.

Dryb. But she's so pester'd with these Fools *Brisk* and *Crazy*,
that I can have no time to caress her.

Bridg. I'll tell you a way to get privately into her Chamber
this Night.

Frisk. But Madam, this Lord took me by the hand and kiss'd
it, and told me it was as sweet as roses and as soft as Jelly of
Quinces. *Theo.*

Theo. Or he might have said as sweet as Frankincence or as soft as the Pappe of an Apple.

Strik. Alas, Madam, that's nothing; I assure your Ladyship, he has said the same thing to me twenty times.

Frisk. For my part, Madam *Striker*, I do not think you know him.

Strik. Lord, Madam *Friske*, you are alwayes detracting from one, I am sure I saw him last Night, and he told me, Madam, he honour'd the ground I trod upon, and made me abundance of the rarest Compemen's, and I said a number of the pretty'st things to him; if I could remember, I'd tell 'em your Ladyship, you shou'd be judge of them, Madam.

Dryb. Dear Mrs. *Bridget* accept of this little Present, I'll not fail to do it — Ladies I have an exorbitant affair causes me at present to bestow my absence upon you, but I'll besure not to fail you —

[*Ex.*]

Theo. What means this foolish fellow?

Bridg. Pray Mr. *Crazy* let me beg a word with you. [*Whisper.*]

Frisk. I'll tell you, Madam, now she talks thus, there was another Person of Quality came to me, and to'd me I was a pretty Nymph, and he was a Satyr, and invited me to drink a Bottle of Rhenish and Sugar, and I protest and vow he would not drink one drop, till I had dipt my Finger in the Glasse.

Theo. It seems he lov'd to drink with a Toft —

Strik. Pish! that's nothing, I assure you a Person of Quality, that treated me; would not drink a drop of Wine, till I had wash'd my hands in the Glasse, now she talks of that, hah.

Theo. What ridiculous vain Wenches are these?

Frisk. Pish! mind her not Madam, but I vow, now she puts me in mind on't, a Gentleman t'other day play'd the Wagg with me, and would needs pull my Shoe off my Foot and drink it full of Wine; upon my word he did now.

Craz. to *Bridg.* Faith, as thou say'st, I believe she loves me; but why would she not tell me this her self?

Bridg. She had no opportunity, but she charg'd me to desire you to come in at her Window this Night as I tell you.

Craz. And upon my honour I'll do't, wer't as high as *Pauls*. Ladies, my occasions invite me hence, and I shall be glad to wait on you.

Strik. Madam, I humbly cover the honour of your further acquaintance.

Frisk. I hope your Ladyship will not deny me that honour.

Frisk and Strik. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Theo. Your humble Servant, Ladies.

Craz. Madam, I'll not fail you upon my honour. ——— [Ex.

Theo. What means this fellow? *Bridget*, what trick have you put upon these two Coxcombs, that they both tell me they will not fail me.

Bridg. Madam, Mr. *Raymund* designs this Night privately to wait on you, and that he may not be interrupted, has appointed my Lady to wait for him in the Garden; and I to get rid of this brace of Widgeons, have appointed each of 'em to get in at your Window by Ladders privately this Night.

Theo. How then shall I see *Raymund* in my Chamber without discovery?

Bridg. Madam, I have appointed them to come to a wrong Window, but were it the right Window, they being to come both at one time, would disappoint one another.

Theo. That's not unpleasant, we may have good sport. 'Tis possible they may be taken by the Watch, and apprehended for House-breakers; but come along with me. ——— [Ex. Ambo.

The Fourth ACT.

Enter Raymund and Briske in a Tavern.

Raym.

Come out Sir, and fight, if you have a maw to't: I am ready, I thought you would have brought me into the Field, and you bring me into a Tavern.

Brisk. Nay prethee dear Rogue, let's stay a little and debate the business over a Bottle of Wine first: Look you, here's to you.

Raym.

Raym. Must I stay, till by the strength of Terse Claret, you have whet your self into courage?

Brisk. But look you, dear *Raymund*, the Case is this ———

Raym. No more words, I am ready.

Brisk. Now I think on't better, we must adjourn the Combate, for 'tis grown dark and we cannot see to kill one another.

Raym. Come I warrant you we can see one anothers Bodies, and that's enough.

Brisk. Ay, but I have sworn never to fight, but when I can see to parrie.]

Raym. I'll take away that objection; here are Candles in the Room, and I'll bolt the Door, that no Drawer shall come to part us.

Brisk. Fie *Raymund*, is that like men of honour, fight in a Tavern? why 'tis like the Bullies man.

Raym. None of your foolish punctilio's here, draw.

Brisk. Well, ha, ha, ha, I have consider'd on't, and Gad thou art a very honest fellow, I have that affection for thee, that the Devil take me if I fight with thee.

Raym. Why did you call me out then?

Brisk. Come, pox on't, put up; I must confess I have rashly embarqu'd my self in a most prejudicial affair, but thou art a man of honour, and I will not fight with thee.

Raym. Are you not a Coward?

Brisk. Ha, ha, honest *Raymund*, thou art a very merry fellow, I'll give thee leave to say what thou wilt.

Raym. I need not ask the question.

Brisk. Well faith, I will not fight with thee, say what thou wilt, but upon my honour I'll give thee this Diamond Ring and my Roan Nag, if thou'lt oblige me in one thing.

Raym. In what can that be?

Brisk. You know my Mistress will think I ought in honour to fight; and if you will do me the favour to make her believe you fought with me, I'll tell her you disarm'd me, and by this means I shall save honour, and you will get it, and for ever oblige me.

Raym. Faith I had best take 'em for sport sake, though I ruin 'em again. ———

[*Aside.*

Brisk.

Brisk. Prethee, dear *Raymund* do; I'll do as much for thee upon my honour.

Raym. Would you have a Gentleman lie for you?

Brisk. Why I'll lie for you agen man, when you will; what do you talk of that?

Raym. Not I Sir.

Brisk. Let me see, I have thought upon a way to save that; loo't you, we'll fight a little in jest; and I'll let you disarm me. Here, prethee take the Ring, and do't; and I'll send for my Roan Nag immediately.

Rym. Come Sir, to oblige you I will, Draw then. ———

Brisk. Honest *Raymund*, I am thy dear Servant. ———

Raym. Come on, come, have at you ———

Brisk. Hold, hold man ——— hold ———

Raym. What's the matter?

Brisk. How shall I be sure you won't fight in earnest?

Raym. I give my word for't.

Brisk. But Gad now I think on't, I won't trust you, if you would give me your Bond; I don't know how the Devil may tempt you: Besides, who knows, but your foot may slip, and you may run me thorow the Body.

Raym. What an immoderate Coward is this?

Brisk. Faith, thou had'st as good tell her so without this Experiment.

Rym. But there must appear some signs of fighting, or she'll not believe it.

Brisk. Why I'll tear my Band and my Shirt, and run my self thorow the Coat.

Raym. But there must be some sign of blood.

Brisk. Pox on't, how shall we contrive that?

Raym. Why take your Sword, and run your self thorow the Arm.

Brisk. Thank you for that i'faith, I have known men have dy'd of that.

Raym. Fie, Fie! 'tis nothing; I'll do't my self then.

Brisk. Hold, hold, 'Slife you may prick an Artery and bleed to death, and then I shall be hang'd for that.

Raym. That's well thought on! O incomparable Coward!

Brisk.

Brisk. 'Twill do as well if my Shirt be bloody at the hand, and I'll venture to prick my finger for that; and to run thorow my Coat.

Raym. Well, as you will; but do't as you go along.

Brisk. Dear *Raymund* kiss me, you have oblig'd me so, that I am a Son of a Scavenger, if I die without issue, I'll make you my Heir: but if you love me, not a word of all this.

Raym. I warrant you. Drawer to pay.

Brisk. Prethee, by no means, Gad I'll treat thee dear Rogue; 'tis all mine. Come on, dear *Raymund*, let's go ——— [Exit.

Enter Crazy with a Ladder.

Craz. This is the Window Mrs. *Bridget* appointed to get in at, so now for my Climbing. ——— [Sets down the Ladder. How I shall laugh at my two foolish Rivals, *Brisk* and *Drybob* poor Puppies, that they could not find all this while how *Theodosia* abuses them.

Enter Drybob with a Ladder.

Dryb. This is the Window, my expectation is on Tiptoes, as I may so say, but let me fix my portable pair of ——— [Sets it upon Stairs. Crazy.

Craz. Heaven! what will become of me? This is some Villain coming to commit Burglary.

Dryb. Pox take me, if I know what is the matter; it cannot be the Wall that yields thus.

Craz. 'Slife if it should be a Thief, he'll cut my Throat, least I should discover him; what shall I do?

Dryb. Well, let what will come on't, though I precipitate my fate, I will storm this enchanted Castle.

Craz. Who e'r he be, I am sure I'll not suffer him to come up; if he be a mortal man, I'll try if he has a Neck to spare, for I am resolv'd to break one for him ——— [Turns the Ladder.

Dryb. 'Slife! what's this, am I to be turn'd off and executed for Love felony before my time? what can this mean? I have got no hurt yet: it may be 'twas the corner of the Balcony I set my Lad-

der

der against: I'll make one experiment more: so now, [Goes up a
'tis fast. little.

Craz. *Theodosia*, *Theodosia*, open your Window.

Dryb. The Ladder stands very fast now, I will once more enterprize this honourable action, though *Belzebub* himself stood in my way — *Theodosia* open your Window, 'tis I my Dear.

Craz. Death, what will become of me, this must be the Devil, a Man would have broke his Neck.

O Heaven! yonder is a Light coming towards us. I shall be ruin'd if I don't shift for my self.

Dryb. If I be discover'd by yon *Ignis fatuus* or Lanthorn, I shall be undone for ever, I must try to make an escape.

Enter Raymund and Brisk, Boy with a Light and Fiddles;
and beat them as they come down the Ladder.

Brisk. Come on my dear Friend, strike up my Men of Noise; How now! what's here? Thieves with Ladders at my Mistress's Window, I'll mall 'em.

Raym. How now Villains — *Bridget* has [They beat
done this admirably. them off.

Brisk. 'Slife *Raymund*, if I had not come, I might have lost my Mistress out of this Window; for on my Conscience these Rogues came with a felonious intention: but come let's in and give 'em an account of it: and Fiddles make way for us.

Raym. Come on: But how shall I get rid of this Fool, I must think of some way.

Enter Bridget with a Candle.

Bridg. O Gentlemen! what's the cause of this uproar?

Brisk. Oh, Mrs. *Bridget*, I have made bold to beat a couple of Rascals, that were going to commit Felony; without the benefit of the Clergy; but I'll go and wait upon my Mistress — [Ex.

Raym. Oh, Mrs. *Bridget*, 'twas *Crazy* and *Drybob*, our Plot is spoil'd; I shall be diverted by them from seeing my Mistress.

Bridg. No, no, let me alone, I'll dispose of 'em another way.

Raym. Adieu —

[Ex. *Raym.*

Enter

Enter Crazy from behind the Door.

Craz. Oh I am beaten, bruis'd, and lam'd so, that I had rather have been twice flux'd than have endur'd it; my bones are as loose as the Skeletons in the Physick School: Oh my Head and Shoulders! Mrs. Bridget I kiss your hands, and rest your humble Servant *Crazy*.

Bridg. Sir, I find you are defeated by some ill accident or other, but I'll put you in another way to be secure. The Lady *Theodosia* is in that passion for you, that I fear she will discover her self.

Craz. Poor heart! I know she loves me; but I hope she will be so discreet as to conceal her passion; but here was another with a Ladder climbing up to the Window, or I had got in.

Bridg. Another! that's impossible; but least you should be suspected, take away your Ladder, and set it against the Garden Wall, and I will appoint your Mistress to receive you there; if you will venture to come over to her; and there shall be a Parson ready to joyn you in the Banqueting-house: make haste, least you be surpriz'd, and come to us instantly.

Craz. Dear Mrs. Bridget take this, I flie, I flie. — [Ex. with a Ladder.]

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. O Mrs. Bridget! Are you there? I have been beaten more severely than ever Turk was by *Tamberlain*; which by the way is no ill comparison, hah?

Bridg. I have heard so; but take up your Ladder and be gone, and lay it down on the back-side of the house and come to us presently, and I will design an easier assignation for you; haste, lest you be discover'd.

Dryb. Dear Mrs. Bridget take this Ring, I'll be with you instantly. [Ex. with the Ladder.]

Bridg. Go your wayes you brace of Baboons, and be still the subject of all Farces — [Ex. Bridget.]

*Enter Raymund, Briske, La. Loveyouth,
Theodofia, Bridget.*

La. Lov. Is it possible! Thieves coming in at my Window! Heaven! how I tremble!

Bridg. Truly Madam, they were as sufficiently beaten as your Ladyship can wish.

Theo. That's some revenge for the trouble their impertinence has given me, but I am afraid these Coxcombs will hinder Mr. Raymunds Visit.

Bridg. Fear not that, Madam.

Raym. Be not apprehensive Madam, for the Rascals are too well satisfi'd for their pains to attempt any more.

Enter Crazy, and after Drybob.

Craz. Ladies and Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Dryb. Dear friends, your Slave; I am in one word the Enemy to all your Foes.

Brisk. Oh are you here! I'll tell you as I was coming in to give my Mistriss a Serenade, a couple of Felonious Rascals were with two Ladders climbing in at a Window of the House; but I think I have so bruise'd the Dogs, they'll scarce be fit for climbing this Week agen.

Craz. A plague on't, I feel it in my bones, but I must dissemble it.

Dryb. Pox on them, the Rogues laid on as if they had been threshing for Twelve Pence a day.

Craz. But is it possible?

Brisk. Yes, I assure you as this Blade doth testify.

Dryb. Why, what impudent Rogues were these *Crazy*?

Craz. Death, that I must be forc'd to call my self so. — [*Aside.* If I had been there I would have maul'd the Villains.

Dryb. For my part I don't wish I had been there, for my extraordinary passion would have made me had the blood of the Rogues; that's certain. — O pox of their heavy hands.

Raym.

Raym. He has been fighting ; Madam , that's the truth on't ; pray take notice on't.

Brisk. I wonder , *Raymund* , no body takes notice of my torn Band , my bloody Sleeve , and my Coat being run thorow , I think they are all blind.

La. Lov. Good lack , Mr. *Brisk* , you are bloody and your Band's torn.

Brisk. Ha ! bloody say you ?

Raym. Pray hold up the humor , Madam.

Theo. I protest , Sir , you fright me , what dangers have you run your self into ?

Brisk. Alas , Madam , this is nothing , a trifle , a trifle.

Bridg. Your Coat's run through , you have been fighting.

Brisk. My Coat run through ! where , where ? ha , ha , 'tis so.

Dryb. A pox on him this damn'd Bully *Heildibrand* was flesh'd , and would needs shew his Valour upon my Shoulders.

La. Lov. Are you wounded Sir ?

Brisk. 'Pshaw Madam , this , alas , alas , I beseech you take no notice of this ; 'pshaw , a slight thing , a toy , fa , la , la , la.

Bridg. Shall I go for a Surgeon ?

Brisk. No , I thank you , he'd discover the trick on't ; no , no , by no means ; alas , you make so much on't : I am us'd to these things ; 'pshaw , this is nothing : Pray call in the Fiddles , come , come ; let us be very merry , fa , la , la , la.

Theo. Sweet Mr. *Briske* do me the favour to tell me the occasion of this ?

Brisk. Nothing , nothing , Madam , alas , alas , —

La. Lov. Assure your self I'll not fail to wait for you in the Garden.

Raym. I hope your Ladyship doubts not me.

Brisk. Faith Madam , if you will needs have it , I made bold to call Mr. *Raymund* to an account for some words that passed before you ; and upon my honour , Madam , he's a very gallant fellow.!

Raym. Nay , I beseech you Mr. *Brisk*.

Brisk. Nay , Gad it shall all out , he fought like Thunder and Lightning , and I must confess it was my fortune to be disarm'd , Madam ; but I hope I lost no honour , since 'twas by so brave a

fellow, whom for his generosity I embrace. Dear Friend, you have oblig'd me for ever. Come Fiddles strike up, I have provided a very honest fellow to dance. *[A Fig is danc'd.]*

Raym. Madam, I'll not fail to wait on you, your humble Servant. *[Ex.]*

Dryb. Madam, I hope you will be punctual.

Theo. Trust me Sir.

Dryb. Adieu to all. *[Ex.]*

Craz. Madam, I'll instantly go and prepare to wait on you, you'll not fail.

Theo. I shall not be so injurious to my self.

Craz. I humbly kiss your hands. Madam, your Ladyships most obedient Servant. *[Ex.]*

La. Lov. Good night, sweet Mr. *Crazy*; Mr. *Brisk*, I pray be pleas'd to favor me with your absence.

Theo. Pray do, and get a Surgeon to dress you, and to morrow I shall be ready to receive a Visit.

Brisk. Ladies your Servant, Servant, Ladies, fa la, la, la. *[Exit Brisk.]*

La. Lov. Pray Gentlewoman go up into your Chamber.

Theo. Madam, I'll obey. *[Ex.]*

La. Lov. Be sure you do. *[Ex. La. Lov. and Bridg.]*

Theo. Go thy ways, my dear Aunt, and meditate on what thou'lt ne'r enjoy — If my Uncle, after all this report of his being kill'd, should appear agen, when she has, as she thinks, made sure of another Husband, it would be no ill Farcé.

Enter Raymund.

Raym. Now, now, my Incomparable *Theodosia*, I am blest with the opportunity I have so long sought for to cast my self at your feet, and to tell you, that it belongs to you to make my life for ever happy or miserable.

Theo. You may with justice enough accuse me of levity, in so suddenly granting it; but I hope you have so much honour, to impute my easiness somewhat to the slavery I suffer, though I have no disesteem of you.

Raym.

Raym. Madam, It is so much to my advantage, that I shall never enquire the Cause, only let me beg of you, since our fortune is like to allow us so few of those opportunities, that we may make what use we can of this.

Theo. I have so absolute a confidence in your honour, that I yield to your conduct in this affair, and desire nothing more than to be redeem'd from the foolish Tyranny of my Aunt.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. I have left my Lady in the Garden, most impatiently expecting you Mr. *Raymund*. But pray Madam, if you love me, retire into your Chamber, lest any of the Servants should unluckily see you, and inform your Aunt.

Theo. 'Tis no ill advice.

Raym. But how have you dispos'd of *Drybob* and *Crazy*.

Bridg. O they are safe enough, Sir. [Exit.

Enter La. Loveyouth in the Garden.

La. Lov. Sure the passion he has for me, will not suffer him to stay long, the Story of Thieves at my Window, has put me into such a fright, that nothing but Love could engage me to walk here alone.

Enter Crazy looking over the Wall.

Craz. The Coast is clear on this side, if my Mistress be but in the Garden, I am safe. — My Dear.

La. Lov. Here I am.

Craz. Now I come, wett as high as *Grantham* Steeple! Death! I have broke both my Shins: I am murder'd: Oh I see these leaps are not for men that have flux'd thrice.

La. Lov. How Mr. *Raymund*! Have you hurt your self?

Craz. Did you expect *Raymund* here? I am not he.

Enter

Enter Drybob looking over the Wall.

Dryb. Now for my leap of honour. [*Noise crying Thieves.*

La. Lov. Oh Heaven! Thieves, thieves, help, help.

Craz. Death what do I here?

Dryb. Thieves! I shall be apprehended for a House-breaker.

Craz. Where shall I hide my self? I would not be discover'd for the World.

Dryb. I am astonish'd like the Head of a Gorgon; what shall I do to abscond a little, I shall be apprehended for a Thiefselſe.

Craz. 'Tis very dark, where shall I hide my self?

Dryb. What Devilish mistake is this? Pox o'this damn'd post, I am sure I had like to get a most Diabolical [*They run against one another.*]
fall with running against it.

Craz. Death what was that I run against, what an unfortunate fellow am I, to be thus disappointed, just as I thought to have been sure of my Miſtriſs? but my comfort is, I know ſhe loves me.

Dryb. What a Devilliſh Cataſtrophe is this? — [*Groping lites*

Craz. O horrid! ſure this Houſe is haunted, upon his hand.
which way can I ſcape?

Dryb. If this be the Devil that touch'd me, I don't like his flie Tricks to fright a man thus; would he would be as civil as the *Wiltſhire* Devil was: and beat a Drum, to give a man notice where he is, that I might avoid him; unleſs he were better company.

Craz. What's here? her amazement hath made her leave open the Door of the Houſe, I'll in there, there's more ſafety yet than here — [*Goes in.*

Dryb. Ha, I ſaw one enter at that Door, I'll follow and apprehend him; and his attachment will ſecure me. — [*Ex.*

Enter Crazy.

Craz. What Door is this? I'll e'en hide my ſelf here till this buſſle be over.

Enter

Enter Drybob.

Noise within. Lights here, follow, follow.

Dryb. If I could but conceal my self till they are past, I might easily insinuate my self into *Theodosia's* Chamber. What's here? This I believe leads into the Cellar, I will descend and lie in Ambush there. ————— [Ex.

*Enter Servants with Torches, Spits, and Fireforks,
Mr. Sneake and Sir Richard.*

1. *Serv.* Come, now we have muster'd up our forces, let's into the Garden.

Sir Rich. Ay, come let's see who this Devil is my Lady speaks of; we shall find more than one I believe.

2. *Serv.* I believe we shall find them to be Thieves.

1. *Serv.* If it be the Devil, Mr. Parson, we'll turn you loose to him, you take pay to fight against him; we are but Volunteers.

Sneak. If he dares approach, I will conquer him syllogistically in Mood and figure, and conjure him down with

Barbara Celarent Darii, Ferioque Darapti.

Cesare, Camestres, &c.

2. *Serv.* Hold, hold, 'fist this is the way to raise him:

1. *Serv.* I think your best way is to take the great Bible in the Hall, and sling at his head; that will knock him down certainly.

Sir Rich. Come, let's in quickly, if they be Thieves, they'll escape else. —————

1. *Serv.* The Cellar Door is open, if there be any body there, we'll lock it and secure 'em ————— [Ex.

Enter Bridget with a Candle.

Bridg. How unlucky is this! this has marr'd all our design; my Lady has found Mr. *Raymund* and her Niece, we are undone beyond redemption.

Enter

Enter La. Loveyouth, Raymund, and Theodofia.

La. Lov. False and ungrateful man, did I for this, so soon bestow upon you my too credulous heart, so early to betray me; O unheard of Villany.

Raym. Madam, pray hear me.

La. Lov. No, thou vile treacherous man, I will hear no more, Hast thou the impudence to excuse it! O heaven! I am lost for ever. But for you, you most abominable Creature, to undermine me thus: Take leave of liberty, hence forwards your Chamber shall be your Prison, till I have dispos'd of you to another Person, I assure you.

Theo. Then Madam, you force me to declare my self sooner than my Modesty would give me leave; this Gentleman is mine while I have breath; nothing but death shall part us.

Raym. And Madam, that minute that I am false to you, may all the plagues that e'r afflicted yet mankind fall on me.

La. Lov. In what a miserable condition am I? but Mr. *Raymund* I cannot believe this, sure this is some enterlude.

Raym. Madam, it is a truth I'll die for, though Madam, I am oblig'd to beg your Ladyships pardon for making you a property.

La. Lov. O impudence! Come Mistriss into your Chamber quickly, I'll be your Keeper.

Raym. Madam, we will be pris'ners together.

La. Lov. Out of my Doors, you Villain, or I will have those that shall chastise your insolence with death.

Raym. Madam, I have not so mean a soul, to be frighted from protecting my Mistriss.

Theo. Sir, Let me entreat you to leave me, and assure your self we will not long be separated.

Raym. But Madam, 'twill be dang'rous to leave you to her fury.

Theo. Sir, Let me beg you will not dispute it further, but be gone; if you should make more noise in this business, it might call my honour in question.

Raym. Madam, I must obey, and I have a way to free you instantly, 'tis this.

La. Lov.

La. Lov. Away, no more discourses. — [*Ex. La. Loveyouth*

Raym. Well, a desperate disease must *and Theodosia.*
have a desperate Cure; *Mrs. Bridget* I have a way this moment to
secure my Mistriss.

Bridg. O Sir, I am in that fright for you.

La. Lov. within. *Bridget* come up quickly.

Bridg. O Sir, I am call'd I must away.

Raym. I have not time to tell you; but desire *Theodosia*, what-
ever happens not to be frightened, I'll about it instantly.

Enter Servants, Sir Richard, Sneak. —

1. *Serv.* My Lady was frighted with nothing.

2. *Serv.* If any body had been there, the Walls are so high on
the inside, they could not have 'scap'd.

1. *Serv.* Ha, here's one, seize him.

Raym. Seize me, you Rascals; have [*They fight, and Raym.*
at you. *beats 'em off.*

Sneak. Nay, now you are in Combat, I'll leave you — [*Exit:*

2. *Serv.* This a Thief, I am sure he fights like a Devil.

Sir Rich. 'Tis Mr. *Raymund*; did you not know him.

1. *Serv.* A pox on him, was't he? but let's to my Lady, and
give her an account. — [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crazy and Drybob in the Cellar.

Craz. I hear a bussling here about the Cellar that frights me
horribly! This is a most unfortunate night.

Dryb. O that I were out of this Hellish Place! if ever I had to
do with Love and Honour more, would I were an Eunuch in the
Turks *Seraglio*. — Oh Heaven, who's that there?

Craz. 'Tis a man by his asking that Question, and may be one
of the House.

Dryb. Who are you in the Name of Wonder? O how I dis-
solve!

Craz. I am the Devil.

Dryb. The Devil! oh he's come to fetch me away for my who-
ring and my drinking.

Craz. Mortal, thou art my due.

Dryb. That may be, but he's a damn'd impatient Devil to dun before his day.

Craz. Come into my Arms.

Within. Fire, fire, fire.

Craz. O Heaven, what shall we do?

Dryb. 'Slife fire! Oh Heaven! how shall we get out?

Craz. groping. Which is the way out? The Door's lock'd, what shall I do? They'll not mind us if we call; we shall be burnt.

Dryb. What are you a Devil, and afraid of your own Element? Methinks a Devil out of the Fire should be like a Fish out of the Water.

Within. Fire, fire, fire.

Both. Help, help here, fire, murder, help.

Enter Servants above.

1. *Serv.* What noise was that below?

Both. Help, help.

2. *Serv.* Oh ho, have we caught you? They are the Thieves.

1. *Serv.* That's well, stay there; you Dogs, if the House be burnt, I'll assure you, you shall burn with it.

Craz. O help, help, 'tis Crazy.

Dryb. Crazy! a Curse on you for frightening me; help, 'tis I
Drybob.

Craz. We'll see if we can get out at the Window. Well this is a judgment upon me for acting the Devil. ——— [Exeunt.]

Enter Servants running up and down.

1. *Serv.* More hands, water quickly, and we shall quench it instantly.

2. *Serv.* 'Tis strange how the Coach-House shou'd be fir'd. — [Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Raymund and Theodosia.

Theo. This was an excellent Stratagem, Sir, and with little or no danger.

Raym. Come Madam, while your Aunt is seeing the fire quench'd on the back-side, let us escape at the fore-door. —

[*Exeunt.*

Enter La. Loveyouth, Bridget, Sir Richard,

Sneak, and Servants.

La. Lov. So, Heaven be thanked, all danger's past; How could this fire happen? This has been a night of wonder.

Sneak. I will dilucidate it to you, you saw a Spirit in the Garden, Madam?

La. Lov. I did, I think, to my great astonishment; I have not yet recover'd the fright.

Sneak. Look you, Madam, These Philosophers aver, that all Spirits are transported through the Air in their several and respective Vehicles; now this was infernal, and had a Bituminous Vehicle, which by a violent Motion against the Coach-House, as it were by Collision, did generate this Flame, which had like to have caus'd this Conflagration!

Sir Rich. A pox o' this Fustian Rascal.

Bridg. Come Madam, it must be some Thieves design to rifle your house.

1. Serv. We have some of the Thieves safe in the Cellar, they shall suffer for it.

La. Lov. In the Cellar, fetch 'em up quickly; by them we may discover something. Go see where my Niece is *Bridget.*

[*Ex. Bridget.*

2. Serv. Come along you Rascals.

Enter Servants haling Crazy and Drybob.

1. Serv. Come out you Sons of Bitches!

La. Lov. Who are these Mr. Crazy and Mr. Drybob? this is as strange as all the rest.

I 2

CRAZY

60 The HUMORISTS.

Craz. Madam, I kiss your fair hands.

Dryb. Pish, that's a vile old phrase. I am an humble Servant of your Footmans.

La. Lov. Sure this is enchantment ! How came you two in the Cellar ?

Enter Bridget.

Dryb. Madam, I will most expeditiously inform you.

La. Lov. How now, where's my Niece ?

Bridg. Madam, She's gone ! fled away ! I have been in every Room of the House and cannot find her.

Sir Rich. Gone ! What can this mean ?

La. Lov. Gone ! I am undone ! Ruin'd for ever ! What shall I do ?

Sir Rich. She undone ! Oh invincible impudence !

Dryb. What imports this transport of yours, Madam ?

La. Lov. You and I and all of us are abus'd ! betray'd ! this false Wretch, this base Villain *Raymund*, has stol'n away my Niece.

Sir Rich. I see *Raymund* is a man of honour. This pleases me.

Craz. Madam, Do not fear that, to my knowledge there is a person in the world, she is more than half engag'd to. No, no, she cares not for *Raymund*, take that from me.

L. Lov. Flatter not your self, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Dryb. Raymund! I'll assure you Madam, she us'd to simper more favourably upon me than upon any man, and gad if the truth were known, she thinks me all the Nine Worthies, compar'd to him.

La. Lov. Come Gentlemen, Let's in and hear the Story, while I send for a Warrant to search for my Niece, I'll have her dead or alive.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

The

The Fifth ACT.

Enter La. Loveyouth, Bridget, and Sir Richard.

La. Lov. NO News of either *Raymund* or *Theo-*
dofia?

Sir Rich. All possible search has been made after 'em both last night and this morning, and they are neither to be found.

La. Lov. How am I confounded with this disaster; yet I have it in my head to be reveng'd on 'em both.

Sir Rich. Your Ladyship was too credulous to trust him so soon.

La. Lov. And *Robin*, he's a dirty person thus to desert me; but I'll be quit with him, and that Jig-em-bob my Niece.

Bridg. How Madam?

La. Lov. Why, I will immediately settle my Estate, to which she is Heir, for want of lawful Issue of my Body, on my Cousin *Richard*, and to plague *Raymund* I will marry another; for I am resolved to play at a small game rather than stand out.

Sir Rich. Oh unparallel'd impudence! I'll try her further: Madam, What think you of Mr. *Crazy*, he is no unfit man for a Husband?

La. Lov. Why really I believe he is a good natur'd Person and a Child of Honour, the softness and gentleness of his Amorous Nature is admirable; but do you think he will have any sprinklings of affection for me.

Sir Rich. 'Sdeath! what do I hear?

Bridg. Sprinklings, Madam? He will have a whole Flood of Love for you.

La. Lov. Why truly, he is a pretty hopeful man; and I have no aversion to, but rather a concern for him; you shall see, *Bridget*, I

am a Woman easie to command my passions ; but in the mean time send for a Scrivener , and bid him bring a Blank Conveyance with him : for though I do resolve to make Mr. *Crazy* my Husband , yet I will dispose of my Estate , as prudent Widdows are wont to do.

Sir *Rich.* 'Slife ! now 'tis time to appear ! I shall be finely us'd else by this Villainous Woman. I'll into the Town and prepare for't.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Crazy* is coming to wait on you.

La. Lov. Tell him I am retir'd. *Bridget*, I'll leave thee to sound him as to point of this Concern. ————— [*Ex.*

Bridg. This is pleasant , I'll observe him.

Enter Crazy , stumbles and falls.

Craz. Murder, murder. O Heaven ! what shall I do ? I have hurt my self just upon the Shin-bone , that was exfoliated : I have spoil'd my Arm : I fell just upon that part of my Arm , where is a Callous Node upon the *Periostium*.

Bridg. What's the matter Sir ?

Craz. I have hurt my self a little with the fall ; besides I am in a little disorder for the loss of *Theodosia* ; sure some base fellow has forc'd her hence ; for I am sure she lov'd me most extreemly. 'Sdeath I have spilt my Bottle of Diet-drink in my Pocket , and spoil'd all my Almonds and Raisins.

Bridg. Flatter not your self, Mr. *Crazy* ; she loves you not.

Craz. Prethee do not put this upon me ; ha, ha, ha. I am sure no man had those favourable smiles from her that I received. Oh ! that twinge.

Bridg. Come , the truth is , Sir , she is fled away with Mr. *Raymund*.

Craz. Lord, Mrs. *Bridget* ! all this won't do ; as if I did not know when a Woman loves me ?

Bridg. You may please to slight it ; but to my knowledge she is marry'd to Mr. *Raymund*.

Craz.

Craz. Is it true ?

Bridg. Too true for you. —

Craz. I am ruin'd beyond redemption, I am for ever disappointed both of Love and Money.

Bridg. There is another person in the world that's worth your Love, and has a Fortune equal to *Theodosia*.

Craz. Dear Soul, thou do'st eternally oblige me ! but prethee who is't ? Oh, oh, prethee tell me.

Bridg. My Lady *Loveyouth*.

Craz. Ha, ha, ha, well really she is a fine person, and I am extremely deceiv'd, if she has not a violent and most predominant passion for me.

Bridg. Sir, You are not deceiv'd.

Craz. I think not — I would forgive a Woman that can deceive me in that point. — But where is she ?

Bridg. In her Chamber, where I am sure you would be no unwelcome person.

Craz. This is very lucky, by this means I shall be fully reveng'd for the most perfidious Apostacy of *Theodosia*, and with this ample fortune patch up my own ruinous condition.

Bridg. No more, Sir, but go to my Lady while she is in this humor.

Craz. I am happy beyond expression in your Friendship ; alas, I know this poor thing loves me dearly ; and gad she shall be no loser by it : I will go immediately and kiss my Ladies hand ; but in the mean time receive this little piece of my gratitude.

Bridg. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Craz. Sweet, dear Rogue, I kiss thy pretty hand. — [Exit]

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. How now ?

Is the stray Lady return'd home ?

Bridg. No Sir, there's no news of her ?

Dryb. I am the unlawful Off-spring of a Jugler, if ever man of honour encounter'd such a Crocodile ; and yet let me not live, if she had not the most pretty harmonious strain of wit with her that ever tempted a judicious Ear.

Bridg.

Bridg. But she is false ——— she is false.

Dryb. Really I begin to conjecture it, yet she has so many predominant perfections with her, which I did adore; that I can scarce invite this into my belief: Invite it — 'faith that's well enough too.

Bridg. 'Tis too true.

Dryb. Well she is gone, adieu to her; yet really she had the prettiest Figures and the choicest Phrases in her ordinary Conferences: there are not better in *Pharamond*, or *Cleopatra*.

Bridg. I am glad to see you so indifferent.

Dryb. Not so indifferent: Gad I admire the sharpness of her Ingenuity ——— But I'll tell thee the truth I have sent my man to a little *Rosicrucian* or *Star-gazer*; to enquire of my 'tar how she comes thus to start from her Sphere: Start from her Sphere, that is well now; that is well.

Bridg. And when will he return?

Dryb. I expect him at every pulse of my Watch; and by the way is not that pretily said ——— hum ——— But I hope I shall recover her, and yet if I lose her, I am a Rat-Catcher if I have not as many Mistresses as I can turn my self too: Faith I have abundance of Ladies that would think themselves happy to enjoy me: but I cannot be in all places at once: yet in good faith I wish my self an Ubiquitary for their Love, as I am an honest man.

Within. Bridget.

Bridg. I am call'd, adieu Sir. ———

[*Ex. Bridget.*]

Enter Mr. Briske.

Brisk. How now! What's the News? Has *Raymund* stole away *Theodosia* ——— ha.

Dryb. Ay pox on him, he, or some damn'd Robber as bad as he, that I fear by this time have committed Burglary upon her Body.

Brisk. And shall I be thus cheated of my Mistress?

Dryb. Your Mistress ——— ha, ha, ha, you speak as freely of her as if you were acquainted ever since the Deluge with her.

Brisk. Why, had you any pretence to her?

Dryb.

Dryb. Yes Sir, that I had, and perhaps no man receiv'd larger testimonies of her innate affection.

Brisk. Oh impudence! why sure you don't pretend to be a man fit for Ladies Conversation! What Charms have you to attract 'em? Ha, ha, ha, you —

Dryb. What Charms quoth he? Is any man in *Europe* more notorious among Ladies, or valu'd for his pregnant parts, than *Drybob*? My manner of speaking, if it were nothing else, is enough to intoxicate Ladies affections. No Orator in Christendom adorns his Language with those Flowers that I do, or is enrich'd with more plentiful Discourse.

Brisk. *Ad autre Monsieur ad autre.*

Dryb. Ne'r tell me Sir, The Ladies of the Town are so exorbitantly pleas'd with my manner of speaking, that I have been often set upon a Table to speak *extempore* to a whole Room full, and have ravish'd 'em all for half an hour together; and this I have got by University Learning and Travelling.

Brisk. Fiddle, faddle on your Travelling and University.

Dryb. Ha, ha, ha, I protest you make me smile.

Brisk. You talk of Ladies, I am a man that still flourish in the Spring of all the Fashions, and in such variety that upon my honour 'tis not a fortnight since the publishing of my last new Suit.

Dryb. Publishing! Pox o'this Rogue! how came he to lite upon that pretty expression. ——— [*Aside.*

Brisk. You visit Ladies! Gad I spend more money in a year to keep my self sweet, than thy revenue comes to.

Dryb. I am the Son of a *Lancashire* Witch, if thou art not an errant stinking Fellow then; but what do such people signifie but to maintain Foo's, Whores, Mercers, Barbers, and Fidlers.

Brisk. Look you Sir, I care not a farthing for your frumps; what can you do? I can sing or walk a *Corant* with any man in *Europe*, fa, la, la, la.

Dryb. As I hope ever to live to eat Woodcocks, this is a most stupendious Baboon. Pshaw, what d'ee talk of this? Can you break a Jest or make a Reperté to render your self acceptable, to Persons? That ought to be the business of all Gentlemen, to take all opportunities of shewing their parts and complying with Company.

Brisk. Break Jests ! Pshaw, no man in *Europe* better ; but I have other wayes to catch Ladies. Look you no man appears better upon a Bench in the Play-House, when I stand up to expose my person between the Acts ; I take out my Comb, and with a *bonne mien combe* my Perriwig to the tune the Fiddles play : thus, look you, fa, la, la, la,

Dryb. Pshaw, I bear my self at another rate ; I sit in judgement upon Playes with my Hat thus ; with a brow wrinckl'd like a wither'd Pear-mayne ; which Gad is a very pretty thought, take notice of that : but by this posture am I become more dreadful to the Poets and Players then, ——— What, let me see, pox on't, hum. This is the first time I ever wanted a smile in my life.

Enter La. Loveyouth and Crazy ———

Craz. Madam, I am transported with your favours.

La. Lov. Why in earnest, Sir, I take you for a Person of Generosity, and I cannot but comply with your honourable affections.

Craz. Madam, I humbly kiss your foot, I will immediately go and prepare for the perfection of my happiness.

La. Lov. Why truly Sir, it is something too sudden and temerarious, but you have so absolute an Ascendant over me, that I cannot signify any thing as to point of Repulse.

Craz. I make bold to take my leave for some few moments.

Enter Raymund in disguise and Bridget.

La. Lov. Have you brought a Deed with you ?

Raym. Yes Madam, such a one as will fit you to a hair.

La. Lov. Let us in and read it. — [*Ex. La. Lov. and Raym.*]

Brisk. Pox on't Mrs. *Bridget*, thou know'st well enough what's become of *Theodosia*, prethee tell me.

Bridg. Well, to you I must confess I do, since she gave me commission to do it ; and Sir, the report of Mr. *Raymund's* stealing her is false: she still preserves her love to you, you are the man she resolves to live and die with.

Brisk. Dear Rogue bring me to her ; faith I was amaz'd to think she should leave me, and betray her self to *Raymund*, a fellow that

that never wore a noble and polite Garniture or a white Perriwig ; one that has not a Bit of Interest at *Chatolins*, or ever eat a good Fricacy, Sup, or Rogust, in his life ; but prethee bring me to her.

Bridg. Go immediately to your Lodging, you shall hear from me.

Brisk. Adieu, Servant *Drybob.*

Dryb. Pray will you oblige my understanding, to reveal to it this Mystery.

Bridg. 'Tis all for you, in short *Theodosia* has employ'd me to tell you, that to avoid the importunity of *Crazy* and *Briske*, she fled away, but for you she has still the same honour and esteem which you deserve.

Dryb. In good faith this thought was no stranger to my imagination.

Bridg. I have sent him away, that he might not pry into our actions. Hark, my Lady is coming,; go instantly and walk in the Piazza, I will send to you suddenly.

Dryb. I will, I will ——— [Ex. *Dryb.*

Bridg. I have a plot in this mischievous head of mine, if it takes, shall prove no ill farce.

Enter *La. Loveyouth* and *Raymund.*

La. Lov. What are the Gentlemen gone ?
Pray call a Servant or two to be witnesses of this Deed of Gift of all my Estate to my Cofin *Richard* after my decease.

Bridg. Yes, Madam. ——— [Ex.

Raym. Remember Mrs. *Bridget.*

La. Lov. Now I shall fit *Theodosia* for a punishment for all her villany, by this Deed, shall I not ?

Raym. Yes, Madam, ——— better than you imagine.

Enter Servant and *Bridget.*

La. Lov. Oh are you come, Come, are you ready ?

Raym. I will put on the Wax, Madam, here's a Deed will match it, and ready fill'd up to my purpose,; I have chang'd it without discovery. ——— Come Madam. [She sets her hand to it.

La. Lov. I declare this as my Act and Deed. Come witness it.
So, ——— here *Bridget* take my Key and lock it up.

Bridg. Yes, it shall be kept safe. ——— from you I assure you. ——— [*Aside.*]

La. Lov. There's for your pains; do's that content you? [*Ex.*]

Raym. Yes, Madam, I am contented. ——— [*Ex. La. Lov.*]
Or all the world can never make me so, to have obtain'd my *Theodofia*, is a happiness so great, that I could think of nothing beyond that; nor should I have done this, had it not been for her: for I in her have all I e'r would aim at.

Bridget returns.

Bridg. There Sir, there's the Deed.

Raym. Dear Mrs. *Bridget*, you have oblig'd me beyond a Repence.

Bridg. Now you are marry'd to her and have the Writing, pray let the Lady *Theodofia* come hither instantly, I have more Irons in the Fire, and need her assistance.

Raym. 'Tis well, I'll not fail to tell her ——— [*Ex. Raym.*]

Enter Sneake.

Sneak. Now, dear Madam *Bridget*, Let our Flames incorporate, and by the Mysterious Union of a Conjugal Knot, beyond the Gordian, too strong for the *Macedonian* Steel to rescind.

Bridg. Shall I never learn to understand you, pray help me to a *Clavis*.

Sneak. The meaning of it is I would make you my Spouse.

Bridg. What? would you lose your Fellowship?

Sneak. I would to that, as they say — *Nuncium remittere*; for I am presented to a Benefice worth six on't.

Bridg. You have reason, I shall deny you nothing that's reasonable, upon condition you will do one thing for me.

Sneak. 'Tis very well, I shall not deny it.

Post varios Casus post tot discrimina rerum.

Tendimus in Latium ———

Bridg.

Bridg. You must first marry Mr. *Brisk* and Mr. *Drybob* as I shall direct you, but the Ladies will not be known, therefore you must marry 'em in Vizor Masks.

Sneak. I will, since you command, make no hesitation or dilatory scruple.

Bridg. Pray be gone, I see one coming I must speak with; well, this Plot if it takes, will produce no unpleasant [*Ex. Sneake*, effects. Oh Madam!

Enter Theodosia.

I am heartily glad your Plot succeeded so well.

Theo. Dear *Bridget* I owe a great deal of it to thee.

Bridg. I am happy that I could serve you; but now I have a design of my own, in which I beg your Ladyships assistance.

Theo. You may be assur'd of that, what is it?

Bridg. I have perswaded each of the Coxcombs *Briske* and *Drybob*, that you fled to reserve your self for him; and each has so good an opinion of himself, that I found it no hard matter.

Theo. What can this produce to your advantage?

Bridg. Madam, I'll tell you.

Enter Striker and Friske. ———

Frisk. Goodlack, Madam *Striker*, who thought to have seen you here?

Strik. Why, Madam *Friske*? I hope I may be as welcome here as you can.

Frisk. I do not know that neither.

Strik. Madam, your Ladyships most obedient Servant.

Theo. Madam, your Ladyships most affectionate Servant.

Frisk. Madam, your Ladyships most obliged Servant.

Theo. Madam, your Ladyships most faithful and devoted Servant.

Strik. Madam, I have weighty occasion invites me to kiss your Ladyships hands this Forenoon.

Frisk. And I one of no less consequence, I assure your Ladyship.

Theo.

Theo. I hope your Ladyships will do me the honour to pronounce both your occasions.

Strik. }
Frisk. } Madam, Mine is.

Strik. I wonder you have no more breeding than to interrupt one.

Frisk. Marry come up Mrs. *Habberdasher*! Do you think my Breeding inferiour to yours? I am sure I was bred at a very pretty dancing School hard by, and you talk of that.

Strik. Good Mrs. Gigg-em-bob! your breeding, ha, ha, I am sure my husband marry'd me from *Hackney* School, where there was a number of Substantial Citizens Daughters; your Breeding —

Frisk. Good Mrs. Gill-flirts we live in a fine age, if a little Paltry Citizens Wife shall compare her self with a Person of my Quality; ifaith.

Strik. Thy Quality Mrs. Kick-up —

Theo. Nay, pray Ladies! Pray keep the peace. Come, have but a little patience, and I will give Audience to both; but no more contention, I am in haste Mrs. *Striker*.

Strik. Madam, I have done; and my business is this: I protest I am almost asham'd to tell you; but it must out: Mr. *Crazy* has long since engag'd his heart to me and I mine to him, and therefore I think, Madam, your Ladyship ought not to encourage the falsehood of any Ladies Servant, to listen to any proffers of affection from him.

Theo. Why, you are marry'd! Your Servant.

Strik. Ay, ay, by that time your Ladyship has been marry'd a year or two, you'll soon find the necessity of a Gallant as well as I; besides my husband's in a Consumption, heaven be prais'd, he cannot live long.

Theo. Madam, upon my word I will not rob you of your Jewel, I freely resign him to you.

Frisk. What! will you never have done? Madam, Does your Ladyship know that Mr. *Briske* is my Servant.

Theo. Yes, yes, and know (and know what you would have) and I have found out a way to get you marry'd to this Servant too, or to another as good.

Frisk. I humbly thank your Ladyship; indeed I had rather have another, for besides variety in the Case, I shall be then at once provided with a Husband and a Gallant.

Theo. Pray take this Key, and go up two pair of Stairs to a Chamber on your left hand and stay there till further order. I warrant you, I'll please you; but at present you must leave me: Be gone.

Strik. Madam, I humbly take my leave of your Ladyship, your Servant. ———

Frisk. Your Servant Madam, I am gone. ——— [*To Theo.*

Theo. Your Ladyships humble Servant, I'll to my Chamber *Bridget*, and I'll warrant thee to effect thy design.

Strik. Why sure you han't the confidence to take place of me, have you Mrs. Whirliwigg.

Frisk. Piethee Puffe be quiet, I know what I do.

Strik. Avoid you Stumpet, I am the Mother of Children.

Frisk. Then stay there thou grave Matron. ——— [*Ex.*

Strik. She has got it, well I was never so affronted in my life, I could tear her heart out: I'll be reveng'd if I live — [*Ex. Striker.*

Theo. Stay, here! I'll fend for the brace of Oafs.

Bridg. I will, Madam ———

Enter Crazy, Parson, and Footman.

Craz. Sweet Mrs. *Bridget* I am thy most obliged Servant, I have found out Mr. *Sneake* and brought him here along with me, to compleat my happiness in joyning me to your Lady; and upon my honour the whole remainder of my life and love shall be at thy service.

Bridg. I am glad it was in my power to oblige my Lady in so fine a Person.

Craz. Not so neither, yet I will be bold to say she will not be altogether unhappy in a Husband. Boy, I had forgot, go home, and bring me a Bottle of my Dyet-Drink, or I shall eat no Dinner to day. Come Sir ———

[*Ex. Craz, and Sneak.*

Enter

Enter Raymund.

Raym. Where's my dear *Theodosia*?

Bridg. She'll instantly be here; now Sir I have time to wish you all happiness.

Raym. I thank you, but 'tis a superfluous wish, I have it all already; nothing is yet behind but to make peace with my Lady *Loveyouth*, whom I really have used ill; and to reward your kindness, in earnest of which, you must receive this small present.

Bridg. Sir, I am already too well rewarded, the honour of serving you carries that along with it.

Raym. You are too kind; but what possibilities is there of reconciling me to your Lady.

Bridg. She is now pretty well pleas'd, and has made choice of another for a Husband.

Enter *Theodosia*.

Raym. Who's that?

My dearest *Theodosia*, I am so happy in thy love, that 'tis beyond the power of Fortune to oblige me more; I can now look down on those I once have envy'd, and scorn all pleasures in the world but thee.

Theo. I can sooner distrust my self than your honour, and cannot but be very easie to believe what I like so well; though my own want of merit would perswade me to the contrary.

Raym. I find the wisest have still less knowledge of themselves than of others, or you would value more what all men do; your Beauty, Wit, and Vertue, are so admirable, that Nature could have added nothing to you; nor is there one Charm in all the rest of your Sex, that can one moment divide my thoughts from you.

Theo. I have so great a belief in your constancy and truth, your words can ne'r confirm me more; therefore let us leave this, and think of some attonement to my Aunt: for my part I know none better than helping her to another for a Husband if we can:

for

for she longs more for one, than a Son and Heir of one and twenty does for the death of his Father.

Bridg. Madam, She does not want that, for she and Mr. *Crazy* have resolv'd, he to be reveng'd of you, and she to be reveng'd of Mr. *Raymund*, to couple in the Bonds of Wedlock.

Theo. 'Tis pity to forbid the Banes.

Raym. To *Crazy*! what has she a mind to practise Physick and Surgery.

Enter Drybob and Briske.

Theo. O! yonder comes *Drybob* and *Briske*.

Pray Mr. *Raymund* avoid the room, and enter not till I give you your cue ————— [*Ex.* *Raymund*.]

Brisk. I am come, Madam, according to appointment, and understand your resolutions are to live and die with *Fack Briske*.

Theo. I will no longer conceal my affections! I am so ill us'd by my Aunt, that if you think fit, I will immediately consent to be your Wife; Mr. *Sneake* shall do it for us.

Brisk. How am I exalted! Dear Madam, let it be instantly.

Theo. But I must hide my face, or he'll discover me to my Aunt, and we may be prevented for this time.

Brisk. 'Slife, I have thought on't, you shall put on a Vizor Mask.

Dryb. What! will you engross the Ladies Ear?

Theo. Pray go and expect me suddenly.

Brisk. Farewel *Drybob*, ha, ha, ha! poor sneaking fellow. [*Ex.*]

Theo. Mr. *Drybob* I will not blush to own my affection to you.

Dryb. I hope, Madam, you need not.

Enter Sir Richard.

Theo. Yonder comes one I must speak with, pray go with *Bridget*; I have entrusted her with the rest: I will be with you suddenly.

Dryb. Come, my Dear *Bridget*, I flie as quick as thought.

Ex. *Drybob and Bridget*;

L

Sir Rich.

Sir *Rich.* Madam I beseech you where's my Lady?

Theo. Oh she's marry'd to *Crazy* since I saw you; she has made quick dispatch I assure you.

Sir *Rich.* 'S Death and Hell marry'd! Is this truth, Madam?

Theo. Ay Sir, but what's the Cause that makes you so concern'd at it?

Sir *Rich.* Have I not reason? Do you know this face? [*Pulls off*

Theo. O Heaven! my Uncle Sir *Rich. Loveyouth.* [*his disguise.*

Sir *Rich.* Cease your wonder Niece, you see the Story of my death was feign'd.

Theo. My dear Uncle! I am infinitely happy to see you once more in this place. This was a happy change.

Sir *Rich.* Niece I rejoyce no less to see thee; thou art improv'd in beauty since I saw thee: but this abominable Woman I for ever banish from my thoughts.

Theo. But pray Sir, what made you keep your disguise so long after your return?

Sir *Rich.* I'll tell you Niece, but hold I hear some coming hither; I'll with-draw and acquaint you with it.

Theo. Come Sir, and I'll bring you to one that will be glad to see you ————— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crazy, La. Loveyouth, and two Servants.

Craz. Now, my dear Lady, I am happy beyond my wishes:

La. Lov. Sir, I beseech you be not the worse opinionated of me, for your easie Conquest; for I have long had an inclination for you.

Enter Sneak, Drybob and Friske, Briske and Bridget.
(*Friske and Bridget masked.*)

How now? whom have we here?

Brisk. Madam! your Servant, ha, ha, ha, you little think where *Theodosia* is?

La. Lov. Name her not, vile Creature, to run away with *Raymund.*

Dryb.

Dryb. No, no, she did not run away with him. With *Raymund* quoth she? no, no.

Brisk. What does this Fool mean? ha, ha, ha.

La. Lov. Not marry'd to *Raymund*! how unlucky is this? that I should fool my self into marrying this fellow; I might yet have captivated Mr. *Raymund*.

Sneak. Gentlemen, are you both satisfi'd with your marriage?

Dryb. Ay, ay.

Brisk. Ay, ay. Come, my dear *Theodosia*, unmask your self, and keep 'em no longer in suspense.

Bridg. Sir, I obey you. ————— [She unmaskes.

Brisk. 'SDeath and Hell! Who's this? *Bridget*!

All. *Bridget* — ha, ha, ha.

Sneak. *O tempora! O mores!* Would you serve me thus? I shall not live to endure it, I shall suddenly expire, and *Εὐς δαρον* [οὐ γὰρ με μὲν τὸ πῦρ.

Dryb. Now *Briske*, thou hast marry'd the Chamber-maid, I'll prefer thee; I told thee the Mistriss was for my turn: Prethee my dear unmask, ha! Who's this?

Frisk. Even as you see Sir ————— [Friske unmaskes.

Dryb. Death, Fire brands, Devils Damnation, ! What's this!

Brisk. My old Mistriss! Prethee *Drybob* be patient, thou wilt have a Son and Heir of mine shortly; and prethee for my sake take care and see him well educated.

Craz. How now Gentlemen, are you bob'd?

Enter Raymund and Theodosia.

Raym. Madam, We are come to beg your approbation of our Marriage; I humbly beg your pardon for the irregular means I us'd: Pray Madam turn not from us, but give us your consent; since tis now too late to prevent it.

La. Lov. Avoid my pretence thou impudent fellow, I'll have thee kick'd.

Enter Mrs. Striker and whispers Mrs. Bridget.

Craz. Poor fellows, methinks you look as scurvily as if you were mounting the Pillory with Papers on your backs.

Strik. Marry'd say you? Ah false man! have you us'd me thus? Did I for this yield up my honour to you, and you promis'd me to marry me after the death of my Husband; who is in a deep Consumption! Ah villainous man! I will have thee kick'd and beaten.

Raym. *Drybob*, Tell him his Wife has made over all her Estate.

Dryb. Yet this condition of mine is as good as marrying a Widow that has made over her Estate, as you have done.

Craz. Is this true, Madam?

La. Lov. I must confess I did it to defeat my ungracious Niece of her inheritance.

Dryb. } Give you joy good Mr. *Crazy*.
Brisk. }

Raym. Madam, your Ladyship is mistaken, it is a Deed of Gift of all your Estate, after your decease, to *Theodofia*: I have it here.

Theo. Madam, I thank your Ladyship: I shall study to deserve it.

La. Lov. Am I thus cozen'd and abus'd?

Craz. 'Tis I am cozen'd and abus'd.

Strik. Go thy ways thou vile man, thou art serv'd right for thy falshood to me.

Craz. I'll be reveng'd of her. _____ [*Aside.*

I must tell you, Madam, you are not less disappointed than I am; for I must ingeniously confess I am very much visited with the Pox.

Dryb. Pox on him for a Rascal; visited is a very pretty word there i' faith.

La. Lov. O Heaven! I am undone for ever; this is a most unspeakable disappointment to a Lady! O miserable unfortunate Woman that I am.

Enter

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir Rich. What's the matter Madam?

La. Lov. Oh I have just now cast my self upon that diseas'd impotent fellow, that walling Ho pital *Crazy*.

Sir Rich. Now, Madam, d'e wish your other Husband alive in *Candia*?

La. Lov. No, not so neither; but would I were as fair rid of this Husband, as I was of him.

Sir Rich. So! I am beholding to her! [*Aside.*
I have a way to rid you of this Husband.

La. Lov. If you have, you shall command my person and my purse.

Sir Rich. And you shall know that I'll command [*Discovers*
himself.
'em both.

Om. *Sir Richard Loveyouth* alive!

La. Lov. O Heaven! I am ruin'd for ever, there is now no dissembling! all my misfortunes are compleated now.

Craz. I am glad you are come to take your Wife agen.

Sir Rich. Fond Woman, thy foolishness and vanity, and thy impertinent contentions with me, caus'd my three years absence; and shall make me still continue a stranger to your Conversation: yet you shall never want what e'r befits your Quality: upon the rest of all the Company let no Cloud appear to day.

Brisk. You are a happy man *Crazy*.

Dryb. You have had ill luck with honest Women, *Crazy*, you had e'n as good stick to Whores.

Craz. I have had worse luck with them I am sure, yet this is better than marrying a Chamber-maid, or Wench big with Child, Gentlemen.

Sir Rich. Sir, I am a stranger to your repute, and think my self much honoured in the relation I have to you.

Raym. Sir, The honour is wholly on my side.

Sir Rich. Come Gentlemen, I am inform'd of all your Stories, and 'tis wisdom in you to be content, with what you can't redress.

Sir Rich.

Sir Rich. I shall ne'r have Children, I therefore here declare my Niece my Heir.

Theo. Sir, I can return nothing but my thanks.

Sir Rich. This day, Sir, I dedicate to my fair Niece and you.

Raym. You do me too much honour.

Sir Rich. Come Gentlemen and Ladies, Let's be merry, we'll have Musick, we'll begin this days jollity with a Dance.

Craz. Sweet Madam *Striker*, receive me into your favour; for upon my honour, tho' I marry'd her, I intended to reserve the whole stock of my affection for thee.

Strik. Get thee gone, thou wicked fellow, I will have none of thee; thou hast declar'd thou hast the Disease: Get thee gone, I tell thee I will have thee kick'd.

Sir Rich. Come Gentlemen, joyn in a Dance. [Dance.
So, 'tis well.

All happ'ness to both, and may you be,
From discontents of Marriage ever free;
May a l your life be one continued peace,
And may your Loves each day and hour encrease.

[Ex. Omnes.]

Epi-



Epilogue.

THe Mighty Prince of Poets, learned BEN,
Who alone diu'd into the Minds of Men:
Saw all their wandrings, all their follies knew,
And all their vain fantastick passions drew.

In Images so lively and so true;
That there each Humoriſt himſelf might view.
Yet onely laſh'd the Errors of the Times,
And ne'r expos'd the Persons, but the Crimes:
And never car'd for private frowns, when he
Did but chaſtiſe publick iniquitie.
He fear'd no Pimp, no Pick-pocket, or Drab;
He fear'd no Bravo, nor no Ruſſian's Stab.
'Twas he alone true Humors underſtood,
And with great Wit and Judgment made them good.
A Humor is the Byas of the Mind,
By which with violence 'tis one way inclin'd:
It makes our Actions lean on one ſide ſtill,
And in all Changes that way bends the will.
This ---

He onely knew and repreſented right.
Thus none but Mighty Johnson e'r could write.
Expect not then, ſince that moſt flouriſhing Age,
Of BEN. to ſee true Humor on the Stage.

All

*All that have since been writ, if they be scan'd,
Are but faint Copies from that Master's hand.
Our Poet now, amongst those petty things,
Alas, his too weak trifling humors brings.
As much beneath the worst in Johnson's Plays,
As his great Merit is above our praise.
For could he imitate that great Author right,
He would with ease all Poets else out-write.
But to out-go all other men, would be
O Noble BEN ! less than to follow thee.
Gallants you see how hard it is to write,
Forgive all faults the Poet made to night :
Since if he sinn'd, 'twas meant for your delight.
Pray let this find ---
As good success, tho' it be very bad,
As any damn'd successful Play e'r had.
Yet if you hiss, he knows not where the harm is,
He'll not defend his Non-sence Vi & Armis.
But this poor Play has been so torn before,
That all your Cruelty can't wound it more.*

F I N I S.

AUG 19 1930

